THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

VOL. XI. NO. 19. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1892. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

REVERES THE BIBLE.

Eleanor Kirk Goes Gunning for Bob Ingersoll on the Matter of Biblical Belief.

She Thinks the Eloquent Colonel is Not Nearly as Smart as He Thinks He Is.

BROOKLYN, N.Y., May 2.—A correspondent signing himself "Infidel," with a sweep of the pen which demonstrated his satisfaction and delight in the word, has had the unusual perspicacity to discover that I am also an infidel, although being a woman I may prefer to write myself "Agnostic." He requests that I bend my energies to the task of convincing "pious and unreasonable women" to read Bob Ingersoll, and to avail themselves of every opportunity to hear "this great man," this "intellectual giant," this "gifted lawyer, logician, and orator." "Why," adds the enthusiastic infidel in capitals, "it is an absolute truth that I was fool enough to believe in the Bible until Ingersoll came to my deliverance."

Ever since the reception of this remarkable document I have been wondering how any one could have so grossly misunderstood and misinterpreted my feelings and views. In the first place, if this present existence is the beginning and end of things, which Col. Ingersoll claims to believe, it seems to me very unkind of him to use his influence in endeavoring to destroy the comfort of even "pious and unreasonable women," for what possible difference under such circumstances can it make what one believes? Of course this howling iconoclast talks very glibly about "the truth." We should know the truth, and accept it whether agreeable or the reverse. How came Ingersoll possessed of all the truth? This is the veriest stuff—not to say rot—and the man who could be made to give up the instruction, the religion, the beautiful and unequalled poetry of the Bible because of the arguments of this man of colossal conceit, could probably be hypnotized into doing almost anything. There is much in the Bible that we do not comprehend, and here and there things that stagger and bewilder us, but when we read it in the light of history and bring our common sense to bear upon it, many of the difficulties are cleared up. Why, I would give more for a few of the Psalms and a few chapters credited to St. Paul, than I would for all the orations of all the Ingersolls that were ever created. And just here is where I am going to stick. The principles that I find in some parts of the Bible help me to live. Col. Ingersoll's arguments do not have this effect. Therefore I have no use for them. I accept and love the good that I find in the Bible, skip the parts that I do not understand, and leave the inspiration to take care of itself. I do not claim infallibility, but I know what ministers to my spiritual happiness and welfare, and I know also that this life is but the edge of the threshold of our existence. Ingersoll would tell me without any hesitation that I was a poor deluded mortal, but thank God I know whereof I speak, and so I say to my friends one and all—continue to believe into the eternal verities. Your loved ones have only gone a little in advance, and all your love and all your hope will be realized. *It is true!*

Another correspondent, and a man, desires me to "give Ford a dose for his beastly behavior toward Miss Wright," an employe of the pension department at Washington. In all probability if I were to say to this gentleman that there was absolutely no redress for this sort of thing but the ballot for our sex, he would, notwithstanding his championship of the estimable lady under consideration, have little faith in any "dose" that I might administer. When a woman, working for her living, has the same political right as the man who employs her, she is practically safe from insult. Her vote will count just as much as his, and then let us see where the "do my bidding or I shall discharge you" comes in. Ford may be "solid with Raum," as certain reporters have said, but if Raum's solidity with the government depended as much upon the vote of women as upon that of men, where would he be? In order not to use the stereotyped slang, I will say—just outside of it.

To the thousand and one questioners desiring information on the avoidance of contagious diseases, I can say that the mothers and housekeepers who are posted in the use of Platt's Chlorides are uniformly successful in keeping their families free from these devastating scourges. In city flats for instance, I personally know families who by the use of this invaluable disinfectant have not had a day's illness, when on the other floors children were daily dying with diphtheria and scarlet fever. In one instance an intelligent mother begged her neighbor, whose little ones had never been attacked, to begin the use of Platt's Chlorides by hanging cloths wet with the liquid about her rooms, and by keeping a few drops in the vessels and the closet.

"There is no good in that stuff," was the reply. "I have got lime. I want something that smells."

Clean sand is about as efficacious as lime in killing disease germs, and it is only ignorance that demands an odor in a disinfectant.

To sprinkle a mixture of one part of Platt's Chlorides to four of water about the pantries, closets, and out of the way nooks and corners when house cleaning, is the wisest economy.

A lady from Gloucester writes as follows:

"I cannot find any combination suits of silk or lisle thread that are open and come only to the knee in any of the large dry goods stores, and neither can my friends, though we have sent to New York and Boston. Will you kindly tell me if such garments are manufactured?"

Similar complaints have come in from all parts of the country concerning the inability of ladies to find spring and summer hygienic combination suits and equestrienne tights that are open and that come to the knee in silk and lisle thread. The number of these writers renders it necessary for me to make a statement. These beautiful garments are manufactured and sold by one house only, and that one in Brooklyn, N.Y. New York ladies are obliged to come or send to Brooklyn for these exceeding comforts. These garments are the loveliest and softest things that can possibly be worn. One skirt over these combination suits is all that is necessary of a warm day, because they are so light and porous that they absorb the perspiration, and make it almost impossible to take cold. Ladies living at a distance can send their measurements, and be immediately furnished with the desired articles. Mrs. LeFavre and other writers on correct dress heartily recommend them. ELEANOR KIRK.

698 Greene avenue.

NASHVILLE NATIONALISTS.

Strong Resolutions Adopted by the Parnell Branch, I.N.L.—James Killelea Elected President.

The Parnell branch of the Irish National League of America held a meeting at Simmons hall last Sunday afternoon, with 200 members present. It was by all odds the largest and most enthusiastic gathering of the members that has been had during several years.

Several communications from headquarters of the Irish National League were presented when the order of new business was announced by the chair. A motion was made that a committee of five be appointed on resolutions, and the following committee was appointed: Hon. James W. Johnson, Judge M. M. Trecy, Dr. James M. Coyle, M. J. Lafley and John Downs. President Killelea was also added to the committee.

After the resolutions had been read the chair called for expressions of sentiments from the members present relative to the resolutions. The Hon. James W. Johnson made a stirring speech in speaking to the resolutions. Judge M. M. Trecy, Phillip Olwill, J. M. Coyle, M. J. Martin, John Downs and James F. McGowan made very patriotic remarks.

A motion to adopt the resolutions was put and it was carried unanimously. Following are the resolutions:

"WHEREAS, The Irish National League of the United States is organized for the purpose of giving moral and financial aid to the Irish Parliamentary party of Great Britain and Ireland and the said party, through petty jealousies, is now divided into factions and each faction claiming to be the true representative of the Irish people, and disagreeing among themselves instead of presenting a solid front to the enemy; and

"WHEREAS, All power is inherent in the people and not in a few self-constituted leaders; therefore be it

"*Resolved*, That we, the Parnell Brauch of the Irish National League, of Nashville, Tenn., demand that said parliamentary party to call their constituents together and elect delegates to a national convention, where all differences in the party are to be submitted to the delegates so elected, and they shall map out a policy and select leaders and candidates for parliament, and all be bound by what the majority shall order. We demand and expect harmony among all national Irishmen. We also demand the same from all members of the Irish party in parliament, and when any question of national interest to Ireland may arise in parliament, the said members of the Irish party shall assemble in caucus, and there and then settle all differences, if any exist, and abide by the rule of the majority that the assertion of the nation's rights and the defense of the nation's honor may be presented by a united and solid party; be it further

"*Resolved*, That when they unite and be as a body representing the Irish cause, we will do as we have heretofore done, that is, give them all the moral and financial aid possible.

"*Resolved*, That these resolutions be sent to Secretary John P. Sutton, of the Irish National League of America, and that he be requested to publish and communicate them to the different branches throughout the country, and send a copy of the same to the National League of Great Britain and Ireland. Be it further

"*Resolved* That we request the daily papers of Nashville and all other papers in sympathy with us to publish the same."

A motion was made that the meeting go into the election of officers. Mr. James Killelea then arose and said:

"Gentlemen of the Parnell Branch—My time as president of your branch now ceases. Before I retire I have to thank the members of this branch for the able manner in which you have braved the storm, in standing by and upholding the branch since that unhappy crisis came upon Ireland. I have also to thank the press of Nashville for the practical good it has done our branch for the cause of our native country through its generous columns. It is not necessary for me to talk to you about national political affairs in Ireland. The resolutions just adopted by you express my sentiments."

M. J. Martin was elected as temporary chairman.

The following named officers were then unanimously elected:

President, James Killelea; first vice-president, Judge M. M. Trecy; second vice-president, M. J. Martin; third vice-president, Barney McCabe; recording secretary, Garrett Stretch; financial secretary, James Carney; treasurer, M. J. Lafley.

A vote of thanks was tendered the press of Nashville for the liberal aid given the branch.—*Nashville American.*

NOTRE DAME DEDICATED.

Imposing Religious Services at the Consecration of the New French Catholic Church in This City.

The Most Rev. Archbishop Feehan Blesses the Edifice—The Dedicatory Sermon Preached by Mgr. Paquet.

Distinguished Canadian and resident prelates of the Catholic church on Sunday dedicated amid much pomp and ceremony Notre Dame church, the new and magnificent edifice erected by the French-Canadian Catholics of Chicago. Cardinal Taschereau of Quebec was not present in the flesh, but he was represented by two of his distinguished priests, the Venerable Archbishop Fabre of Montreal and Mgr. Paquet, president of the Laval University, Quebec, Mgr. Paquet delivering the dedicatory sermon. Archbishop Feehan of Chicago blessed the new house of worship.

The magnificent edifice at Vernon Park place and Sibley street was early surrounded by a vast crowd awaiting the time for opening its doors. At 10:30 o'clock the building was packed, nearly 2,000 Catholics having crowded in. The residence in the immediate vicinity were decorated with the American and French colors, and from the convent school, which is just west of the church, the American and French colors waved.

The first ceremony was the processional of the resident archbishop, visiting priests, and acolytes, who passed two abreast from the priest's house half around the church, Archbishop Feehan blessing the structure as the procession moved. The procession was led by Brother Harrington in a white robe. Behind him came eight altar boys in purple robes of silk. Following were the chanters: The Rev. James A. Egan of LaGrange, Brother Adjutor, Rev. Chas. Boucher, St. Louis Church, Fond du Lac; the Very Rev. J. P. Perrier, vicar-general, Concordia, Kan.; the Rev. Francis Gordon, C.R., St. Stanislaus church, Chicago; the Rev. Joseph A. Loumis, Notre Dame, Minneapolis; the Rev. Arthur H. Lawrence, St. Roche's Cathedral, Quebec; the Very Rev. M. Beadoin of La Berge, S.D.; the Rev. Joseph J. Cregan, of Bourbonnais Grove; the Rev. G. Legris, St. Viateur, Bourbonnais Grove; the Rev. T.J Luzon of Hamel, Minn.; the Rev. Joseph T. Hudson of Manistee, Mich.; Rev. P.D. Gill, St. Charles' church, Chicago, and the Rev. Father L. Adam of Montreal.

The Most Rev. Archbishop Feehan, in miter and cope, carried a crozier in one hand, while with the other he held a golden sprinkler with which he sprayed holy water on the walls of the church, the priests in the procession the while responding to the psalms chanted by the Rev. E. M. Dunn of St. Columbkille's church. Two acolytes walked behind both Archbishop Feehan and Mgr. Paquet holding their training robes off the ground. Twice the procession went half round the church and then up the broad steps and down the main aisle to the altar. Here Archbishop Feehan was enthroned on the archbishop's throne on the side of the altar. The inside walls of the edifice were sprinkled with holy water and the priests sang the litanies of the saints at the altar.

This ceremony over, a procession of acolytes and priests entered from a side door and Archbishop Fabre came behind attired in rochette, surplice, and mitre. He celebrated the pontifical high mass assisted by the Rev. E. J. Dunn, the Rev. Dr. Laberge, and Father Adams. The archbishop was then enthroned opposite Archbishop Feehan.

After these ceremonies had been concluded Miss Letowneau Douglas sang the "Kyrie." The music was furnished by an orchestra of fifty pieces led by M. Tchrion. The Misses Guth sang the "Gloria" and then Mgr. Paquet delivered the dedicatory sermon. He spoke in French. His text was "The House Which God Filled With Joy." He praised the devotion of the French Catholics of Chicago, commending them for their ardor in the faith which had resulted in the erection of such a magnificent temple of worship. Reviewing the history of the French Catholic church in America he said the French missionaries had two centuries ago planted the faith in the Mississippi Valley and endured untold hardships for the cause they loved so well. The seed they had strewn in the new country had brought forth abundant fruit, which today was the established religion of the French people in every State of the Union. "Let me tell you, my brethren," he said, "we of Canada are filled with admiration for this magnificent temple erected in the city of Chicago by your devoted French Catholics. We had heard much of our compatriots of Chicago, but never expected to find such worthy proof of your devotion to the church. Let me call you soldiers and brothers in arms. You have conquered and it is a glory for the Canadian people, glory for your clergy and ministers, and we are deeply moved at seeing this attachment and love for the Catholic religion, and we will carry home with us words of praise to our beloved cardinal for your grand work." Mgr. Paquet, speaking for Archbishop Fabre, said that the venerable archbishop expressed his delight in coming to Chicago to see the beautiful church, and he felt amply rewarded in celebrating the first mass on the 1st of May, which, singularly enough, was the anniversary of his consecration.

Mgr. Paquet then read a lengthy letter from the venerable Cardinal Taschereau, who expressed his regret that because of his feeble health he was unable to be present. He was there in spirit, however, and said he was happy to send his able representatives to speak for him and express his gratification at the great work of the French-Canadians of Chicago in advancing the cause of the Catholic religion. "My heart is moved," wrote the cardinal, "when I recall that your country was once in the diocese of Quebec; but how wonderful is the change in the growth of the church all over the United States. My predecessors, knowing full well the necessities of the French people of Chicago, sent priests to protect them, and this protection having been extended we have the proof of their work in the magnificent temple you will dedicate. Persevere, my compatriots, in the good work and in resisting the impiety of the present generation. I pray God to protect you in your sacrifices and give you encouragement for the future."

The choir singing the offertory, "Tu Es Petrus," "Sanctus," and "Agnus Dei," and a benediction from Archbishop Feehan closed the lengthy services, which lasted nearly four hours.

The interior of the church was beautifully decorated with potted flowers, the altar being almost buried beneath varicolored roses. After the services a collection was taken up and several thousand dollars were realized. In addition to the priests named there were present the Rev. Father E. A. Kelly, the Rev. Father Muldoon, Vicar-General Dowling, the Rev. T. J. Hamel, the Rev. Father Adam of Montreal, M. Honoré Giroux, the Rev. James A. Egan, the Rev. John H. Hemlock, and L. Baudien.—*Tribune*

THE TOMB OF NAPOLEON.

BY JAMES RILEY.

Standing with uncovered head,
France with all her mighty dead,
  France here lifts the arm to shield
  Him who first on glory's field
  Smote the nations till they reeled
From her martial tread.

Well for France this honored grave
For the bravest of the brave.
  Quarried from the mountain's breast
  'Neath the Eagle's flaming crest—
  Grave where even Mars might rest—
Grand in arch and nave.

Round about his marble tomb
Wait the Victories in the gloom;
  Captured flags that Lodi knew,
  Those that over Wagram flew
  (All but fatal Waterloo),
His proud dust illume.

Glories of a fallen throne
Sleep their last sleep 'neath this stone.
  France o'er kings made this man king—
  France to him her life did bring,
  That his name with hers might ring
Peerless and alone.

Nations, come! do honor here
Where e'en Death has found his peer.
  You, who felt his storm-browed glance
  When he flamed the sword of France
  Over all your vast expanse
And you shook with fear!

Warriors of the shade and flame,
Age on age shall know the name
  Of him who soared with eagle flight
  Over Ancient Kingly Right
  Till the stars that shine at night
Rang with his proud fame.

Regal Rome, come, in this bound
Hear your lordly footsteps sound!
  A King is here in shadow deep
  Whom Tiber's wave and Alpine steep
  In their memory shall keep
While the earth turns round.

Flash your bright swords one by one,
Chiefs of earth, in your own sun.
  Then when you your deeds have told
  Trump and plume and star of gold,
  War's grand panoply behold
In this silence dun.

Camp and cannon, lines of steel,
Europe pledged in commonweal
  Fronts no more his eagle crest
  With its talons at her breast,
  Conqueror and conquered rest,—
Angels hold the seal.

—*Boston Pilot.*

Mattapan, Mass.

A Plea of Insanity

Cannot be urged in extenuation of the conduct of hosts of people who constantly inflict injury upon themselves, and lay the foundation for serious and disastrous bodily trouble by the use, in season and out of season, upon slight necessity and without discrimination, of drastic vegetable cathartics and poisonous mineral cholagogues—notably the various forms of mercury—to relieve simply constipation, a complaint remediable at any stage by the persistent use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. This famous remedy never gripes, evacuates too copiously or weakens the bowels. If there is any other tonic aperient in or out of the pharmacopœia of which this can truthfully be said, we are unaware of it. Abandon the fatuous habit of dosing and use this benign regulator, which also sets right weakened stomachs and disordered livers. Rheumatism, neuralgia, sleeplessness, loss of appetite, malaria, debility and kidney complaints are troubles all conquerable by the Bitters.

The American Eagle must be a gay old bird—he is bald. If you don't want to be bald, use Hall's Hair Renewer, and you won't be. Try it.

T. Shea, Merchant Tailor

No. 126 West Madison street, fine custom suits at reasonable prices; also uniforms for all organizations.

THE NEW UNITY.

The Superb Addition Made by the Hon. John P. Altgeld, to the Architectural Wonders of Chicago.

A Structure in Which no Expense has Been Spared, and Which in Design and Execution Cannot be Surpassed.

Judge John P. Altgeld's mammoth and magnificent Unity building, erected on the site of the old structure of that name, on Dearborn street, between Washington and Randolph streets, is now fully open to occupation, and has no rival in this city in point of interior decorations and general artistic finish. Every detail of the plans has been carried out with scrupulous fidelity, and in the matter of convenience, as well as in excellence of construction, it is an edifice of which this great business community may well be proud. Not a convenience known to modern civilization is omitted. Heat, light and ventilation are absolutely perfect. No expense has been spared in any of its features, because Judge Altgeld was determined that Unity building should excel in every particular, and he has succeeded in his design. The structure is composed entirely of steel, iron, granite, brick and tile, nothing combustible being admitted into its component parts, so that is, as far as human ingenuity can render it so, entirely fire proof. The rapidity of its construction has in no way interfered with its wonderful solidity. Its foundations are so perfect that there has been no settling, and in the topmost story the feeling of security is as great as on the ground floor. Its stately summit has become one of the city land marks, and Unity building is as well known to the public as the tower of the Board of Trade or the massive shoulders of the Auditorium.

Two and a half stories of its splendid front are composed of red, rockfaced Bay of Fundy granite, and the main entrance is in the form of a great Roman arch, such as the Cæsars and their Praetorians would have been proud to walk under. No finer facade is to be found in any modern business building. Above it the walls are composed of the best quality of buff pressed brick, as solid as those made in ancient Egypt.

When the great arch is entered, the walls of the outer vestibule, rising to a story and a half, are visible. They are constructed of Sierra, Numidian and Alps green marbles. An elaborate screen of glass and bronze holds a place over the inner door, and has a most picturesque effect. Through this door the visitor enters the grand rotunda of the building, and is at once struck by its magnificence and dazzled by its marvelous beauty. "It is designed," says a daily contemporary, the *Inter-Ocean*, "in the style of the Italian renaissance, that wonderful fourteenth century combination of the gorgeous magnificence of the Byzantine period, with the pure, graceful forms of Greek and Roman architecture, whose palaces and churches are the admiration of the world today, it is the only building in the city where every detail of design, material, color and finish is in complete and perfect harmony.

From a floor of marble mosaic whose graceful design and harmonious color combinations are taken from the best examples of the Renaissance in the old world, rise walls of Italian marble to the height of two stories. These are broken at the first story by a marble balcony with marble balusters and balustrade which runs around the rotunda, giving entrance to the first story banking-rooms. Large Corinthian pillars with brackets and caps finely carved support balcony and ceiling. To the right a marble stairway with balustrade of same design leads up to it. To the left is the stairway leading to the upper floors, next to the high speed passenger elevators, whose lattice work front in heavy silver plate is also in the Renaissance. A rich Corinthian cornice, with consols gilded, borders the ceiling which is divided by the heavy marble beams into three panels, filled with rosettes in deep relief covered with gold leaf. The entire decoration done by George H. Nesbitt & Co., No. 243 Wabash avenue, showing superb workmanship.

From each panel are suspended silver chandeliers of graceful and unique design, whose electrical lights, giving brilliant lustre to the artistic, exquisitely harmonious blending and contrast of colors and material, make this splendid "Marble Hall" a sight that once seen can never be forgotten. This combination of marble and silver is carried up the entire sixteen stories. The upper floors have two corridors at right angles, with elevators and stairway at the point of meeting, giving the maximum amount of convenience in access to offices and giving every room outside frontage and abundance of daylight. Electric lights, fire and burglar proof vaults and toilet conveniences are in all suites of rooms, which are finished in the finest hardwoods and crystallite glass. The Unity is entirely the conception and work of ex Judge Altgeld, recently nominated Democratic candidate for governor. Eminently successful as a lawyer, judge, author and politician, he determined to become a builder also, and to erect the best designed and finished office building in the world, sparing neither time, energy nor money to accomplish his end, resigning a judgeship that he might give the project his undivided attention—attaining his end as usual. The building, which has 266 suites, or 800 offices, is almost entirely rented."

To Denver via Burlington Route.

Only one night on the road. Leave Chicago at 1:00 p. m., or St. Louis at 8:25 a. m., and arrive at Denver at 6:15 p. m. the next day. Through Sleepers, Chair Cars and Dining Cars. All Railways from the East connect with these trains and with similar trains via Burlington Route to Denver, leaving Chicago at 6:10 p. m., St. Louis at 8:15 p. m., and Peoria at 3:20 p. m., and 8:00 p. m. All trains daily. Additional express trains, making as quick time as those of any other road, from Chicago, St. Louis and Peoria to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Cheyenne, Black Hills, Atchison, Kansas City, Houston and all points west, northwest and southwest.

OBITUARY.

MRS JOHN LILLIS.

The death Monday morning of Mrs. John Lillis, of No. 119 Garfield boulevard, Chicago, was startling in its suddenness. Her numerous friends were ignorant of her indisposition even while her attendants had no thought that her illness was really serious, an hour before her demise. Called here from her Chicago home last Wednesday by the announcement of the illness of her sister, Mrs. Fuller, of Rock Island, she accompanied her daughter Mrs. T. F. Halligan to the home of the latter, late Friday afternoon. While there were startling symptoms of pneumonia developed during Saturday and Sunday, she refused to allow Mr. Halligan and his wife to sit up Sunday night on her account, and they retired about midnight leaving her son William with her. In an hour she was dead; and the announcement came Monday morning with a shock to her many friends and neighbors, who had known her during the greater part of her life. Her husband and two daughters in Chicago were summoned, arriving here Monday evening, and were prostrated at the sudden bereavement which had come to them so unexpectedly.

Mrs. Lillis, whose maiden name was Grace, was born in Ballycallan, Kilkenny county, Ireland, May 1, 1836. She came to this country in 1852 and after a short residence in Buffalo, N.Y., came to Davenport and was married June 1, 1857, at St. Anthony's church by Father Pelamorgues. Her husband with four children survive her—William M., the only son, Mary the wife of T. F. Halligan, Jennie and Mattie. Her family had lived in Davenport until last June, when Mr. Lillis went into business in Chicago and removed his family to No. 119 Garfield bouldvard, where they resided at the time of her death. Mrs. Lillis was an exemplary Christian woman. The people of Davenport during more than a quarter of a century came to know her well. She took a prominent part in all church and charitable work and none was more devoted, more zealous, more charitable.

There was an immense attendance at the funeral, which was held from the residence to the Cathedral of the Sacred Heart, where solemn high mass of requiem was celebrated. Rev. Hugh McShane was celebrant; Rev. J. Walker, deacon; Rev. James Davis, sub-deacon and Rev. James H. Renihan, master of ceremonies. Very Rev. A. Trevis and Rev. E. Cassidy occupied seats in the sanctuary. The services at the church being over, the long funeral procession wended its way to St. Marguerite's cemetery, where the interment was made. Father McShane, assisted by Fathers Walker and Cassidy, officiated at the grave. The pall-bearers were Messrs. Daniel Ryan, Sr., Frank Gorman, John Driscoll, Edward Grace, G.T. Ahrens, and Joseph Quinn, Sr.

Among those who attended the funeral the following were from outside the city: Rev. Hugh McShane, pastor of the Annunciation church, Chicago; Rev. J. Walker and Rev. E. Cassidy, of Letterkenny cathedral, county Donegal, Ireland; Miss McShane, and Miss M. Smith, Mrs. C. F. Kunnally of Chicago; Mrs. Ellen Mackey of Muscatine; Mrs. John O. Donnell of Bloomington, Ill.; Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Greenough, of Rock Island; Mr. and Mrs. Michael Lillis, Mrs. Mary Lillis, Mrs. and Mrs. Crowley and Mrs. James Powers, of Long Grove.—*Iowa Catholic Messenger, April 23.*

MR PATRICK CURTIS, DUNDALK

Mr. Patrick Curtis, T. C., of Dundalk, county Louth, Ireland, died, after a brief illness, on April 20. He was a brave, charitable and conscientious man, modest in demeanor and courageous in practice. His remains were interred in Bridge-a-brin cemetery on April 22. The attendance was very large. Following were the chief mourners: Messrs. Patrick, John and Michael Curtis, sons; Messrs. Michael and Laurence Curtis, brothers; Messrs. Peter Deane and Laurence Morgan, sons-in-law; M. McCann and J. McGahan, brothers-in-law. The pall-bearers were: Messrs. Robert L. Brown, J. P.; Henry O'Connell, T.C.; C. A. Duffy, T.C.; John Connick, H. C.; James Mathews and Thomas Roe, T. C. The prayers at the grave were recited by the Rev. F. Fox, C. C., and the responses given by the Rev. P. Murtagh, C. C. May his soul rest in peace.

RECENT DEATHS.

Three well known Irish American residents of Chicago died on the same day, namely Wednesday, the 4th inst. Thomas O'Neill, aged 75 years, at the residence of his son-in-law, John I. Graham, No. 212 Emerson avenue, a native of county Tipperary; Lawrence O'Neill, a veteran of the civil war, at the residence of his brother, No. 394 Dearborn avenue, and Mrs Jane M. Byrne, a native of Dundalk, at No. 1220 Fifteenth street, in the 92d year of her age.

A young lady of Jefferson, West Virginia, declares that she was all run down before taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla; but that now she is gaining strength every day. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is certainly a wonderfully effective tonic for the feeble and delicate.

THE BRITISH LIBRARY

UNDER THE WHITE COCKADE.

A Tale of the Penal Days and of the Irish Brigade in the Service of France.

Irish Heroism Which Reached a Climax on the Glorious Feld of Fontenoy.

BY P. G. SMYTH,

Author of "Gael and Gaul," "The Wild Rose of Lough Gill," "Duchess of Inver," "King and Viking," and Other Highly Interesting Stories.

CHAPTER X.—(Continued).

"Well, how has your mission succeeded?" inquired the viscount.

"Very fairly," answered Lally. I am after completing a round of England, Scotland, and Ireland, testing the strength of our party in these islands. I have made observations on the state of the coasts, on the best points for effecting a landing, on the various posts desirable to be occupied at the outset of an invasion—acquiring, in fact a good deal of useful information. I have opened connection and correspondence with several of the most discreet and influential friends of the Stuart cause in the Three Kingdoms, and am in a position to transmit a very satisfactory report to King James III at Rome."

"You are really serious in speaking of an invasion?"

"It shall not be my fault if it does not take place within a year."

Dillon shook his head doubtfully.

"Cardinal de Fleury means the Stuarts well, but I fear he lacks the energy and decision necessary for such an enterprise. When do you mean to return to France, Arthur?"

"Within a fortnight, by means of a small schooner trading with the western coast."

"Ah, I know the kind of trading you mean. I would not wonder if some of the brandy and claret now in my cellar had lain in the hold of that same schooner, as also some excellent silk and lace which have quite charmed her ladyship."

"Que voulez vous, mon cher ami? The infernal laws of this country are only meant to be broken. What do you say to taking to the trade yourself? Begin by sending off a few cargoes of wool; Irish traders, my lord, make full fifty per cent profit by sending their material to the French market."

The viscount laughed at Lally's proposition.

"Heaven knows an Irish papist nobleman is too well beset with spies to allow of his following the lucrative profession of wool smuggler. But do you contemplate any contraband traffic yourself, Lally? Have you such a thing as a cargo of Wild Geese in your eye?"

"I mean to bring a small flock of those firmous birds with me, if possible."

"Then beware how you go about collecting them. 'Tis not a dozen years since a recruiting agent for the Brigade, Captain Moses Nolan, was hanged in Dublin, on Stephen's Green. By the way, you might make a beginning with this young friend of yours; he seems the makings of a soldier."

"You mean my late fellow-captive in Castlebar? Yes, I intend proposing the matter to him. Indeed, poor fellow! he may as well cast his fortunes in France seeing that in his own country he is now a virtual outlaw, a prison-breaker, a fugitive from what is here called 'justice'—*mille diables!*"

"You remark right; should he fall again into the hands of the merciless Bingham his lot would be a dismal one. Propose to him tonight to enlist under the banners of King James and King Louis, and I shall amply second you. I grievously misdoubt the lad if he choose not to face the bullets of the enemy on the battlefield rather than the probability of the scourge and the gibbet in Castlebar."

So, when Fergus rejoined them, both warmly advised him to become a soldier of the Brigade, and he had but little hesitation in adopting their proposal. In a few words he expressed his acquiescence, and his readiness to accompany Lally to France.

"Spoken like a true Irishman, my boy!" exclaimed the latter. "You are now a recruit for the Brigade, and I shall endeavor to have you placed in in my own company in the Regiment de Dillon. I trust you will make a *bon soldat*. Be brave, staunch, and steady in your new *metier*, and you may always count on the friendship of Thomas Arthur Lally."

"And to further his advancement in the service," said Dillon, "I will now furnish him with a letter to my brother Henry, the present commander of the regiment."

Fergus thanked them both for their interest in his behalf. The viscount at once rang for writing materials and wrote the promised letter. Scarcely was the missive sealed and delivered to the youth, when the door of the apartment opened and Lady Dillon appeared leading in a blind old man, whom she carefully conducted to a comfortable arm-chair beside the fire.

"Oh! my esteemed friend Turlough, so you are back to us once more," exclaimed the viscount.

"Do I hear Lord Dillon speaking?" inquired the old man as he held his bony hands towards the cheerful blaze and bent his head forward in an attitude of listening.

"Surely, Turlough, you have not forgotten my voice?"

"Ah, my lord, is it you! Pardon me! The old age is creeping over me, and my last sickness was a long and hard one. I fear, my lord, the poor old minstrel will never more put foot beneath your roof, never more waken to the music of his harp in your generous hall."

"Say not so, good Turlough," said Lady Dillon gently; "there may be still many happy days before you, so be of good cheer."

"Bless you, bantierna, 'tis like your good kind heart to say so, but death has set his seal on the brow of the old bard. But tell Shemeen to bring here my harp; I am never comfortable save when I have it by my side. Now you shall hear blind Turlough's last melodies in Loughglynn."

A boy bore a harp into the apartment and placed it at the knee of the sightless bard. Lord Dillon poured some whisky—Turlough's favorite and too well-beloved drink—into a goblet and placed it in the hand of the aged minstrel, who at once drank the health of the house of Dillon.

The new comer was the celebrated Turlough O'Carolan, whose fame as a bard and composer was well known throughout Ireland. Always a welcome and honored visitor at the houses of the Irish gentry, he was now on his final tour through Connacht, trending slowly towards the home of his benefactor, the MacDermott Roe, at Alderford in Roscommon—where, it may be added, he died in the following March.

Fergus had often heard of the famous bard, and he now listened with much delight as the latter ran his thin fingers over the chords of his harp and played and sang several of his most renowned pieces—his "Planxty Reynolds," his "Shecmore," "Shec-beg" and "Receipt for Drinking."

The night was a very enjoyable one, though every moment promised to bring a posse of pursuers on the trail of the captives.

"You will be my debtor in a small sum for the time being," said Dillon next morning, handing a well-filled purse to Lally. "Of course your jailers took good care to rifle your pockets and deprive you of your portmanteau. Both you and your young friend require new outfits which you must have ere leaving here. Whither do you propose going?"

"To Tirayley. I have been recommended to one Edmund Bourke."

"Bourke of Rappa—I know him; a good, staunch friend of the cause. You will require horses to carry you thither, and I shall lend them to you from my stables. As for the dragoons' steeds you have ridden hither, there is nothing for it but to get rid of them in a way least likely to awaken suspicion."

"*Mon ami* Dillon, you are doing us a great service."

"*Tenez*, Lally—nothing but my duty."

That evening two well-dressed horsemen, with swords at their sides and pistols in their holsters—despite the fact that they were "Papists"—set out from Loughglynn, riding towards the northwest.

CHAPTER XI.

Oh! come—for slavery, want, and shame,
We offer riches, freedom, fame,
With monarchs comrade rank to claim,
And, nobler still, the patriot's name.
Oh! come and wear the White Cockade.
And learn the soldier's glorious trade;
'Tis of such stuff a hero's made—
Then come and join the bold Brigade.

It was Christmas Eve.

The snow flakes whirled thickly through the cold night air, the fierce wintry wind howled and raged over the ruffled bosom of Lough Conn, and the waves dashed angrily on the strand of Annaghmore. But within the cabin of Mihaul Crean there was a rousing warmth and cheerfulness and merriment that bid hearty defiance to the inclement weather that reigned abroad.

There was a blithe circle round the wide hearth. The man of the house sat with arms folded and pipe in mouth, looking quite a picture of happy old age. Now and then he cast a fond look on the rosy face of his daughter, whose extraordinary beauty now bloomed as fresh and entrancing as ever. Mrs. Crean, a blithe and buxom little woman, was engaged at her spinning wheel, and near her—the only anxious and troubled looking face in the cabin—sat the Widow O'Ronan, her feeble hands resting listlessly on her apron. Three or four young children were basking and gambolling on the bright hearth, on one side of which were seated two old men, and on the other a facetious youth. One of the old men was the veteran of the Brigade, Donal Murray; and the other, in his seedy brown coat, the hedge schoolmaster, Malachi Higgins. The youth, the centre and soul of the little assemblage, was our old friend, Murty McAndrew. He was perched on the spacious hob, his ruddy countenance growing ruddier still in the firelight, his black eyes sparkling with mirth, and his large mouth distended in the broadest of grins.

"Begonneys, the wind is in great humor entirely tonight," he remarked; "'tis from one *cronawn* after another with it up the chimney. Hubbubboo! listen to that screech, will ye? Troth, I think the same wind is as drunk as Bannalanna. There, now—sure 'tis after changing its tune from "The Coolin" to "The Blackbird."

"*Bene, puer*, you're a nice blackbird yourself—rather *rara avis* I should say," said his quondam perceptor, who was making liberal use of his snuff-box, "but certainly not a bird of paradise."

"Thank goodness I'm not, nor any other kind either from a wrenoge to a *fillibeen*—sure if I was, this night would blow the pin-feathers off me. Och, master dear, old stock, this isn't the kind of weather that'd suit you for school-teaching at Rathduff."

"Right, my boy—why, Murty, you are becoming quite an oracle in your way! The ancient line of the MacAndrews might well feel proud of you. Rude Boreas has combined with Wat Ormsby to lay desolate our little Grove of Academus. But wait, gossoon—bide your time—*fan go foil*, I say—and when the bright and genial spring comes on you may turn your back in contempt on your alma mater if I do not lead you in triumph over the asses' bridge."

"Just so, master, wait till spring; I wouldn't like to go crossing any bridge in such weather as this on account of the danger of its being too slippy. Amn't I right, Aileen?"

"Oh! of course you can't be otherwise," smiled the girl, with a slight raising of her well pencilled eyebrows.

"Maybe you wouldn't baulk at any bridge, Murty," remarked Mihaul Crean, "if you had a good bottle of Glen Nephin poteen about."

The black shock head nodded sagaciously.

"*Tha thu cath*, Mihaul—you mean if I had the contents of it inside of me. Och; the *dhrehed* was never built that'd stop me then."

"Barring the bridge of Athlone," put in Donal Murray with a reminiscence of his old campaigning days turning up in his mind.

"Not barring any bridge," ejaculated Murty with a portentous wink—"not even the bridge of a man's nose!"

"Musha the Lord give you sense, Murteen *dhue*," said Mrs. Crean, "for 'tis you that's the droll boy."

"Murder alive! listen to that blast," exclaimed Murty again, as a wild, tempestuous gust raved round the house; "sure 'tis strong enough to root the dead from their cold graves, and"—he paused suddenly and repented of his words as he noticed the intense shudder that agitated the frame of Aileen, and caught the gaze of her pair ents fixed upon him reproachfully.

"Goodness knows 'tis as poor a night as ever blew out of the heavens," he resumed with a desperate attempt to amend matters; "I wouldn't like to see even a dog out under it. I wonder where poor Fergus O'Ronan will lay his head tonight—lucky 'tis not in the shadow of the jail."

For the inmates of the cabin Annaghmore had been made aware of Fergus' escape from prison by a party of soldiers who had come there searching for him that very day, the authorities conjecturing that the bird that had burst its cage would surely make for its nest, or for the nearest approach to it.

"My poor boy! my poor boy!" ejaculated the widow; "may the holy angels guard him from his enemies wherever he be this bitter night!"

"Don't fret, agra," said Mrs Crean soothingly; "Fergus is a sharp gossoon, and you may be sure that when he gave them the slip so handy he wont have much trouble in keeping out of their way."

"He *is* a sharp boy," coincided the old schoolmaster warmly—"as sharp and clever a boy as ever danced through the Rule of Three or gladdened the heart of a philomath. Trust me it will be a long day before evil shall overtake Fergus O'Ronan."

"Who speaks of Fergus O'Ronan?" demanded a cheery voice, as the individual in question entered, followed by Lally.

Instantly a scene of enthusiastic welcome took place. The widow was loud and fervent in her expressions of joy and thanksgiving at the return of her son. Very soon the latter and his companion were seated at the fire, the steam issuing from their soddened garments, likewise from a noggin of hot poteen punch in the hand of each.

With much curiosity the good people surveyed the vast change for the better that had taken place in the attire of the youth, taking special notice of his gentlemanly rapier and sword. They also cast inquiring glances on the dark-visaged stranger.

"We have left our horses beyond at Paddy Clarke's," said Fergus; "I suppose they will be safe there."

"As right as ninepence," replied Mihaul Crean, whose face became clouded with sudden consternation as an ugly idea forced itself upon him.

"Fergus avic," he whispered anxiously, "sure 'tis not possible you've turned highwayman?"

The young man laughed heartily.

"No, Mihaul. I fear I haven't spunk enough to command a traveler to 'stand and deliver.' The old Connacht Tory, Col. Dudley Costello, would never accept me as a disciple; neither, I think, would Redmond O'Hanlon—though Miler Barrett, might, and"——"And did," he was going to say, but checked himself as he caught the glance of his mother.

"Troth, Fergus alanna, you look a fine gentleman out and out," remarked Murty. "Maybe, now, you'd spin us out the *lisgeul* of your good or bad fortune since the dragoons rode away with you from Deel Castle. Come, out with the whole *shanachus*, for we're all dying to hear it."

"Just so, avic!" exclaimed Donal, Mihaul, and Malachi in a chorus.

"Yes, Fergus, tell us," said Aileen; "we'll be glad to hear how you got off as you did, for we've all been very uneasy about you."

"Wirrasthrue! we have—and Heaven knows that," ejaculated the widow.

The party drew their seats closer to the fire and Fergus commenced his narrative, but scarce had he got well into it when Lally slightly nudged him.

"*Pardonnez moi, mon ami*, but is there any chance of our having been tracked?"

"I daresay not, sir. Why do you ask?"

"Because we are watched. I have just seen a face looking in upon us through yonder window—ha! there it is again."

"I see it. Stay, I shall soon see who it is."

Starting to his feet, the young man hastened to the door, but, as he reached it, it was thrown open and the tall form of a man stepped into the cabin.

"God save all here," said the newcomer.

"God save you kindly, sir," responded Mihaul Crean, while an exclamation that seemed one of delight burst from Aileen.

"O Miler! is it you—and on such a night?"

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK]

THE IRISH SOLDIER.

A Tribute From the Enemy.

The London, (England) *Universe*, alluding to the traditional gallantry of the Irish soldier in the Imperial army and the neglect with which he is sometimes treated, says: "The Catholic soldier in the British army is highly valued—in front of the enemy. No fellow can march to death with a prouder 'military glee,' as Sir Walter Scott has testified in verse. He can be depended upon in the stress of combat. From the days when he stormed Tarifa in his shirt sleeves under Paddy Gough, of Limerick, to the inspiring strains of "Garry Owen," through the long hazards, fatigues and privations of the Peninsula down to the crowning fight of Waterloo, he was a hero, a bright cheery lad to be buttered with soft words and patted on the back. The long peace did not demoralize him. When hostilities were declared against Russia he was to the fore. At the Alma Luke O'Connor won his Victoria Cross, at Balaklave Joseph Malone won the same unrivaled distinction—both Catholic Irishmen. At Inkermann the 88th captured a gun. Everywhere Pat wrote his autograph valorously in his red blood. When the Indian mutiny shook the empire in the East to its base, the county Down and Connaught Rangers and Tipperary boys of the "Blue Caps" behaved themselves like paladins of old. In our generation we have seen what the Royal Irish did in Afghanistan, Tel-el-Kebir and the Nile expedition when they carried off the prize of the silver boat for being the first up the river, and were the only regiment to foot it across the Bayanda desert. Certainly Pat is a most excellent and trustworthy soldier—in war; but in peace, even when he is strict in discipline, intelligent and abstemious, he is not made so much of as he merits. There may be a disinclination to spoil him by kindness, but he does not petition for that; he claims common justice.

GAELIC POETRY.

The following verses are taken from the celebrated Prayer Book of Carswell, the first book ever printed in Irish. It was printed in Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1567. It is written in very pure Irish, and its republication has entirely demolished the Scotch theory that the Gaelic of the Highlanders was radically different from the Gaelic of Ireland, for the book is written in exactly the same language as Keating's "Three Shafts of Death," but, unfortunately, it contains many typographical errors. Well as Carswell knew Gaelic, he was not much of a poet, as may be seen from the following. The book was dedicated to the Duke of Argyle, whose family name was then O Duibhne, which might be Anglicized into O'Dinny. Campbell is only a soubriquet or nickname, meaning "crooked mouth," but it has taken the place of the patronymic, O'Duibhne, which is the real name of the Duke of Argyle.

Gluais i ómbad, a leabhráin bhig
Go h-Ua n-Duibhne, righ ad réim,
Cho luath a's fhuicfeas tu an eló
'N a árus dó soirbhe, séo.
'Na dhiaidh sin suibhail gach tir
Air fud Alban go min mail;
Acht ort, ó nach bh-fuil a bh-feidhm,
Ná tabhair céim i ngort Gall
D'á éis sin taisdil gach tonn
Go crich Eireann na bh-fonn bh-fial.
Gidh beag ar na braithribh thu
Gluais ar ambare a sil siar.
Gach seanacha gan seanschus saobh
Gach fear dána nar somh brég,
Cumand eadrad sgas iad.
A leabhráin bhig, biodh go h-eug.
Gach neach do ghrádhuigh an ei óir
Do t-siol Adhaimh, roimh ni guais;
Acasin déna do nid;—
Romhad, a leabhráin bhig, gluais.

[*Translation.*]

Move onwards, little book,
To O'Duibhne reach in order.
So soon as thou leavest the press
Prosper thou in his dwelling.
After that, travel each land
Throughout Alban gently, slowly;
But as there is no need for thee there
Do not take a step in the land of the Saxon.
After that travel each wave
To the border of Erin, the liberal land.
Though the brethren care little for thee,
Move from the sight of their eyes, west.
Every teacher without foolish teaching
Every poet who teaches not a lie,
Communion between you and them,
Little book, let there be until death.
Every one who loved the right,
Of the seed of Adam, before him there is no danger,
With those make thy nest,
Little book, then move onwards.

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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

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Probate of the will of the late Mr. Abraham Denny, of the great Irish bacon firm, has just been granted. The deceased left personalty valued at £174 967 3s 31.

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BATTLING WITH THE SIOUX

The History of the Closing and Most Dramatic Epoch in American Indian Warfare, as Told by John F. Finerty.

The American, Irish-American and British Press Pronounce the Book to be a Literary, as Well as Historical, Triumph.

A VERY READABLE AND COMMENDABLE BOOK.

[*New York Critic.*]

With the causes of the war the army, of course, had nothing to do. The conduct of the officers and soldiers throughout seems to have been admirable. It was marked by equal bravery and humanity—virtues which had often to be exercised under very trying circumstances. The author, sharing in these good qualities, and having with them the effervescent spirit of his Irish temperament, and the ready pen of the practiced newspaper correspondent, was well qualified to be the historian of such a conflict. His style, if occasionally careless and some times luxuriant in expression, is always animated and graphic.

A TRUTHFUL AND SPIRITED STORY.

[*New York Nation, July 21.*]

If this stirring narrative is read as it deserves, the people will learn of hardships and peril encountered by their military forces that not one in a hundred thousand ever dreams of. The historian accompanied Crook on his Big Horn expedition, and, as there is no rear in an Indian fight, was in the thick of it on the Rosebud when Crook and the Sioux mutually recoiled. Mr. Finerty writes clearly, and evidently has an ancestral love of fighting from the facility with which he takes his place in the ranks. But he never boasts.

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCEEDS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS.

[*Brooklyn Eagle.*]

"No military writer exceeds him for pictorial descriptivenes of either march, battle or bivouac, nor for the lighter touches of camp humor, incident and character, or those of natural scenery which make such severe work tolerable to those who experience or those who read it. There are few such truthful and powerful pictures of military operations against brave and skillful savages in so vast a country, often as savage as the Indians to be fought."

ENTERTAINING AS AROMANTIC NOVEL.

[*Hon. J. Medill, Chicago Tribune.*]

"The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. Its arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is as entertaining as a romatic novel. Here and there one finds eloquent bits of scenic description."

REVIEWED BY THE SAXONS.

[*London Saturday Review (Tory) July 23.*]

The best adventure in the book is "The Sibley Scout," the experiences of a small reconnoitring party sent out to discover Indians who, in large force, discovered them. Mr. Finerty with a hundred rounds of ammunition had occasion to expend much of it. The story, with its sudden turns, is excellently narrated.

REVIEWED BY THE SCOTCH.

[*Edinboro (Scotland) Scotsman.*]

"Mr. Finerty's narrative reads like a romance of Fenimore Cooper or of Mayne Reid; but it has also the impress of true history. General Crook is the chief hero of these battles and marches, night watches and surprises among the wild scenery of the 'Bad Lands,' or on the wide stage of the prairie; and General Custer is the chief martyr. The 'red man' also deserves his meed of praise as a fighter; and in our century there have been few such formidable Indian figures as that of Sitting Bull.

A FASCINATING STORY.

[*Chicago Herald.*]

"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. Aside from mere personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of adventure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West.

AN EX-CONFEDERATE'S OPINION.

[*Col. John George Ryan in The Press-Eagle, Pine Bluff, Ark.*]

Reader, send at once for a copy of John F. Finerty's recent book entitled "Warpath and Bivouac; or, the Conquest of the Sioux." It is a splendid contribution to the historical literature of the day, and should be within the walls of every household. The book reads more like a vivid romance than a concise narrative of adventures among, and battles with, hostile Indians. Mr. Finerty's book will read like an enchanting novel in the hands of a girl, while to the man who was often hid by the smoke of battle in 1861-5, or at other times, the work will be of absorbing interest.

NO NEW CHAPTER CAN BE ADDED.

[*Bismarck Tribune.*]

Even those familiar with the history of the Custer massacre will read with fresh interest the graphic details leading up to that terrible slaughter, as related by the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Finerty, and now offered to the public in the volume with the above title. The campaign of 1879, on the British line, which embraces Gen. Miles' battle with Chief Joseph; Sitting Bull's last fight, and the rounding up of that expedition, which might be considered as a termination of Indian warfare, forms an interesting part of the volume and it may safely be asserted that no new material will ever be furnished that can add another chapter of like interest to the history of progress on this continent in supplanting barbarism with civilization.

DIRECT, VIVID AND VIGOROUS.

[*New York Times.*]

"It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.

[*New York Herald.*]

"Mr. Finerty's story was not obtained at headquarters, or from official reports, but through participation in all the work described. He tells just such a tale as might be expected from an intelligent soldier, except that he gives us more details, all of them interesting, of camp life and the march."

NOTHING MORE GRAPHIC SINCE WASHINGTON IRVING

[*John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot.*]

"In 'Warpath and Bivouac,' by John F. Finerty, we have the truthful story of the Sioux campaign of 1876, from the pen of a gallant correspondent who shared in all its thrilling dangers and vicissitudes. Nothing more graphic in that line has been written since Irving's stirring narratives of "Astoria" and "Captain Bonneville's Adventures."

A RELIGIOUS CRITIC.

[*New York Independent.*]

Mr. John F. Finerty, war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, has graphically told the story of the conquest of the Sioux, which included some of the fiercest and bloodiest fighting ever done on our frontier. It is history that we have here, narrated by one of the active participants in the scenes depicted. Mr. Finerty writes in the true journalistic mood, with an eye to effect; but he tells all that one cares to know and tells it well.

MRS. GEN. JOHN A. LOGAN'S CRITICISM.

[*The Home Magazine.*]

"Warpath and Bivouac; or, The Conquest of the Sioux," by John F. Finerty is one of the brightest and best written stories of our conquest of the Indians that we have ever read. The gifted author has immortalized in eloquent language the sacrifices, trials, and hardships of our gallant officers and soldiers, in their long and trying chases after the wily red man, over ground well known to him, but unknown to them, graphically describing the many bloody conflicts with these treacherous foes. As a nation, we have not fully recognised the services of such heroic officers as Harney, Fremont, Sully, Stanley, Connors, Crook, Miles, Merritt, Terry, McKenzie, Gibbon, Carr, Lawton, Custer, McCauly, Fetterman, Kidder, Elliott, Brown, Grummond, Yates, McKinney, and a host of others, who have displayed such signal ability and dauntless courage in their campaigns and intercourse with the hostile Indians, far too many falling victims to these rapacious savages. We have lost sight of their deeds of daring in our desire to reward the soldiers of the civil war.

The unmarked graves, butchered bodies, and bleaching bones of the fallen on the plains, and in the mountains of the Far West, should not appeal to us in vain. Mr. Finerty has placed the facts before the public as they have never been placed before, and he deserves for his noble work the thanks of the whole country, and a rich harvest from the sale of his book.

TRUTHFUL AND PICTURESQUE.

[*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*]

"The pictures of the life on the frontier are splendidly drawn. Wherever a soldier or friend fell in answer to the summons, or performed an act of heroism, it will be found recorded in 'Warpath and Bivouac.'"

MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN FICTION.

[*Scranton (Pa.) Truth.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book is more attractive than fiction. It depicts with the facile pen of a man who sees and appreciates the picturesque in real life, some of the most thrilling incidents of Indian history, and the author has brought to his task the great merit of accuracy. The volume deserves a large sale."

INTERESTING FROM START TO FINISH.

[*Chicago Morning News.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book contains all the material facts of a history of the operations against the Sioux, but it is written in a narrative style and is interesting from start to finish. His descriptions of the Rosebud fight, the "Sibley Scout," the engagement at Slim Buttes, and his story of the long march in pursuit of the Indians after the Custer massacre, have never been equaled."

INTERESTING AS FENIMORE COOPER.

[*Chicago Evening Journal.*]

"Probably the most exciting chapters of the work are those in which are described the adventures of the Sibley scouting expedition, which the author obtained leave to accompany, and which came near resulting in the capture and death of all who took part in it. The story of the way in which this little band of men were surprised by the Indians, of their siege by ever-increasing numbers of savage foes, of their stout resistance, and of their skilfully managed retreat when all escape seemed hopeless, is none the less interesting because it is strictly true, and is quite as thrilling as a chapter of Fenimore Cooper's novels."

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Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. Address Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl street New York.

$10 Battery Loaned.

If you are not enjoying perfect health, strength and vigor, we will lend you for 60 days one of Gray's Galvanic Body Batteries, price $10, you to pay for it if cured. It is for men only, and is the latest and best Electric Appliance invented. Current can be made strong or weak; turned on or off at will. Acts like magic in cases of Weakness, Premature Old Age, &c. Can we send you one at our risk? Electric Treatment Co., 269 Broadway, N. Y. City

METHODISTS AT OMAHA.

Twenty-First Quadrennial General Conference.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE FIRST DAY.

Boyd's Theatre Crowded with Delegates and Visitors—The Conference Opened by Bishop Newman—Animated Discussion Over the Old Question of Separation of Lay and Ministerial Delegates—Able Speeches Made Pro and Con.

OMAHA, May 2.—At exactly 9 o'clock Monday morning Bishop Bowman rapped to order the first business session of the twenty-first quadrennial general conference of the Methodist Episcopal church. The immense auditorium of the Boyd theatre hardly sufficed to accomodate the immense throng of delegates and visitors attracted by the meeting. It is estimated that in addition to the 500 regular delegates present there are fully four thousand visitors in attendance. At the session Monday morning the six tiers of boxes were occupied by the wives and families of the eighteen bishops of the church. The session was opened by Scriptural reading by Bishop Newman, followed by an earnest prayer by Bishop Foss. Continuing the religious services Dr. Lonohan of Baltimore read another passage from the Scriptures and the immense congregation united in an old Methodist hymn. The conference then proceeded to complete its permanent organization.

BISHOP NEWMAN.

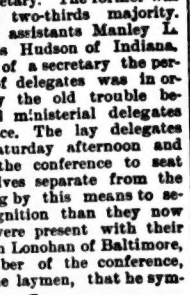
The Old Trouble Breaks Out.

S. D. Monroe of Pennsylvania and Manley L. Hurd of Wyoming were the candidates for secretary. The former was elected by nearly two-thirds majority. He chose as his assistants Manley L. Hurd and Charles Hudson of Indiana. After the election of a secretary the permanent seating of delegates was in order. Immediately the old trouble between the lay and ministerial delegates came to the surface. The lay delegates held a meeting Saturday afternoon and decided to ask the conference to seat them by themselves separate from the ministers, thinking by this means to secure greater recognition than they now have and they were present with their request. Dr. John Lonohan of Baltimore, the oldest member of the conference, spoke favoring the laymen, that he sympathized with them and believed that they should be accorded equal represedtation with the ministers, and as the conference had refused this it is only right that they should be allowed to mass themselves together and thereby secure greater recognition. J. C. Shinkle of Kentucky, a layman, spoke, strongly against the division. Judge Murray of Pennsylvania said that this request was not brought up with any idea of opposition to the ministers but only that the laymen might have a greater influence, for when 150 laymen were scattered around among 350 ministers their individuality was lost sight of.

BOYD'S THEATER, OMAHA.

Considerable Feeling Worked Up.

Postmaster Field of Philadelphia spoke strongly in favor of the laymen and even went so far as to say that unless the request was granted the laymen had no place in the conference for unless they could be seated in a separate body they had no influence and they might as well pack their valises and return home. Many others spoke strongly pro and con on the question. J. M. Buckley, editor of The Christian Advocate, favored the request, and Dr. L. C. Quel of Wyoming opposed it. Considerable feeling was worked up over the question and proper Methodist decocum was preserved at times with difficulty. When the discussion of the question was stopped another misunderstanding arose over the manner of voting. Some wanted the laymen to vote separately on the question and then for the ministerial delegates to vote in the same manner. Some wanted to be put on record on the question and others wanted a vive voce vote. A yea and nay vote finally prevailed by orders and resulted as follows: Laymen—yea, 106; no, 81. Ministerial—yea, 162; no, 135.



BISHOP FOSS.

Turned on the Soldiers.

LONDON, April 29.—It is stated in a dispatch from Peshawur, India, that the troops of the emir of Afghanistan, stationed in three villages between Herat and Bamian, have been treating the inhabitants in such an outrageous manner that the men of the villages joined forces and made attacks upon the soldiers. The troops sustained a severe defeat and at last reports were holding out against extinction behind barricades. The populace is thoroughly aroused and determined to wipe out long standing scores against the soldiery, who have treated the villagers far worse than an enemy would have done. Reinforcements are being hurried from Herat, Candahar and Cabul.

New York Reporters Organize.

NEW YORK, April 29.—A meeting of newspaper reporters on the daily papers in this city was held in the Astor House. The object of the meeting was to form an organization in connection with the International Typographical union, whereby the reporters would expect to get better wages and escape grievances which they are now subjected to by editors.

WHO WAS THIS OFFICER?

A Murder Committed Twenty-Six Years Ago Just Reported.

CINCINNATI, May 3.—An investigation is being made of a story told by Mrs. Jennie Britton, a respectable colored woman, who resides near Mainville this county. In the village store a few nights ago, hearing the recital of a recent brutal and mysterious murder, she thoughtlessly said: "I know of a worse murder than that, and it was never found out." Startled at her words she refused to say more for some time, but after several days importunity she told the story.

He "Flashed a Big Roll."

Mrs. Britton says that 26 years ago she was employed to clean the rooms in a Cincinnati bagnio kept by Mattie Wagner. One day she saw a federal officer in the room of a girl named Mollie. He was partly intoxicated and had a large roll of money in his hands. Next morning when Mrs. Britton went into the cellar for coal she saw the dead body of the man she had seen the day before. The landlady did not seem surprised, and giving her a number of presents urged her to be quiet or she with the rest of the inmates of the house would be arrested. Mrs. Britton went home and never returned to the house.

Picked Out the House Again.

She had not been in the city for years, but being brought in by a detective picked out a house on Plum street which she said was the place. On investigation it is proved that Mattie Wagner did live there girl at the time named, and had with her a named Mollie, who answers Mrs. Britton's description. Wagner is dead, but Mollie, who was in her house, has been located in Chicago, where she is doing time in the workhouse for drunkenness. There is no clue to the officer's identity or what became of his body.

MADE HIMSELF OBNOXIOUS.

An Oshkosh Barber Tarred and Feathered by Indignant Citizens.

OSHKOSH, Wis., May 3.—A mob entered the barber shop of Frank J. Victoris Monday evening about 9 o'clock and tarred and feathered him. For several weeks the Chicago Sunday Sun has been sold in this city. Every issue contained a scurrilous letter in which scandalous charges were made against some of the best known and most influential people this city. In most cases the initials were used and in some the full name. Public indignation grew as each week more people were added to the list, and an upheaval was inevitable.

Made Him Confess.

Considerable difficulty was had in discovering the correspondent, but at last it was proved to be Victoris. Monday evening about a dozen of the injured persons heading a small mob visited his shop and forced him to confess. They then stripped him and put on the tar and feathers. He made no resistance. The crowd numbered several hundred, but were quiet, and the police did not interfere. Victoris is a young man of about 25, who is very generally disliked on account of previous connections of this character.

STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.

An Illinois Farmer Killed and His Wife Fatally Injured.

LINCOLN, Ills., May 3.—Alexander Melton was instantly killed by lightning Monday morning at 7 o'clock. His wife was so badly injured that she cannot recover. Mr. and Mrs. Perkins, also occupants of the house, were knocked down and paralyzed. The bolt struck the house while Mr. and Mrs. Melton were standing at an open door. After the bolt reached the ceiling it spread in four directions and emerged, leaving four large holes in the frame walls.

Singed the Flesh.

The main bolt descended through Melton into the floor, and thence to the ground. Mr. Melton's death was instantaneous, his clothes set on fire, the shoe torn from the left foot and his body made black and blue, besides being singed in a sickening manner. Mrs. Melton was standing with her right side to her husband, and that side is paralyzed from head to foot. Her death is imminent. The house is wrecked.

Washington Printers Build a Hall.

WASHINGTON, May 3.—Columbia Typographical union No. 16 dedicated Monday night their new building in this city, the finest erected by a single chapter of a labor organization. The hall was elaborately decorated with bunting and the stage partly covered by palms. Representative and ex-Printer Amos J. Cummings delivered an eloquent dedicatory speech. Senator Gallinger, who will be orator at the dedication of the Childs-Drexel home, and others followed him, and President Harrison honored the union with his presence.

Suit Against Ben Butler.

BOSTON, May 3.—A suit was begun in the supreme court, brought by the C. F. Jewett Publishing company, against General B. F. Butler for $50,000 damages. The plaintiff claims that the defendant has violated the terms of a contract made with it on Sept. 16, 1880, wherein it is alleged he agreed to give it the work of publishing a book, and then refused to permit it to do the work, though it says it has been ever ready and willing to do so. The general will have thirty days within which to respond to the allegations.

Arrests of Anarchists.

LIEGE, May 3.—Six anarchists have been arrested here, charged with complicity in the riots and bomb throwing Sunday. The houses were found to contain revolutionary literature and chemicals used in manufacturi g explosives.

ALGIERS, May 3.—Nine anarchists were arrested here Sunday for trying to incite a crowd to bloodshed and pillage. In Mustapha five anarchists were arrested. They spoke in the streets in favor of assassinating the rich and plundering their houses.

American Catholic Schools.

LONDON, May 3.—The Rome correspondent of The Chronicle says: The pope has confirmed the decision of the propaganda in favor of the plan advocated by Archbishop Ireland of allowing American Catholic schools to be taught by state teachers, religious instruction to be given after school hours, the object being to relieve Catholics of the burden of the expense of separate schools.

Quarts Mill Burned.

CARSON, Nev., May 3.—The Eureka quartz mill property of the Comstock Mill and Mining company burned to the ground Monday morning and is a total wreck. The loss is $100,000. Sixty men are thrown out of employment. An exploding lamp was the cause.

WRANGLE OVER SEATS.

Exciting Time at the Methodist General Conference.

DELEGATES' SEATS APPROPRIATED.

The Presiding Officer Appeals to Those Who Are Occupying Seats to Which They Have No Right to Give Them Up but Not a Single Person Moves—Two Gavels Broken in Efforts to Preserve Order—A Lively Time.

OMAHA, May 3.—The second day's meeting of the quadrennial conference was opened with Bishop Merrill of Chicago in the chair. The galleries and balconies were crowded with sightseers, mostly women. The devotionals were conducted by Dr. J. C. Hatzell. After singing the coronati on the minutes were read and immediately there was trouble, as many of the delegates claimed their votes Monday had been recorded improperly, and a heated discussion arose and an hour was lost trying to straighten out the records. It was finally discovered that the puplished report in The Daily Record was erroneous and peace was restored. The selection of seats was then finished.

Appropriated Delegates' Seats.

The conference seems to be a body of men with at least six distinct opinions on each and every question, and the presiding bishop was compelled to beg time and time again to haveorder but it seemed to be almost impossible to secure it. Many spectators drifted into the hall and appropriated seats set apart for delegates and would not give them up, and it became necessary to call the roll to discover the wolves who had gotten into the fold. To relieve the monotony Dr. Palmer announced Dr. Stiles White, sitting among the laymen, had lost his pocketbook containing $30 and a ticket. This raised quite a ripple of laughter, and Dr. Palmer threatened to eject any reporter who would publish the fact, whereupon every reporter in the room copied it in his report.

Another Wrangle Over Seats.

Bishop Foster now assumed the chair, relieving Dr. Merrill. Dr. Kysmet of Philadelphia was without a seat, and he announced the fact every two minutes until it finally became necessary to order a call of the roll to secure the doctor a seat. He finally got it, but others clamored loudly for seats and it was impossible to proceed with business. The Delaware and Michigan conference had a row over their seats; Michigan claimed priority of right, while Delaware had squatted on their claim. A heated wrangle ensued and twenty minutes were consumed. Finally, when the excitement was at fever heat the dispute was referred to the committee on hall and the call proceeded.

Not a Soul Moved.

The excitement grew in force and the bishop had great trouble in keeping order. Up to 11:30 he had broken two gavels in his efforts to subdue the noisy clericals. Finally quietude was restored and Dr. Mills of central New York moved that the persons who have no right to seats be required to leave the floor. The bishop begged this, but it was not heeded, and the conference adopted a motion to that effect; but yet no one moved, and Bishop Foster stated that he was fast losing his voice in his endeavor to secure seats and stated that unless the order of the conference was obeyed it would be necessary to call in an officer of the law to forcibly remove them. Bishop Foster then yielded the chair to Bishop Andrews, as his voice was failing and he had to read the Episcopal address. However, on motion of Dr. Smith of Iowa the order of business was recommenced and it was decided to postpone the reading of the Episcopal address to 10 a. m. Wednesday in order to finish the seating of delegates and the preliminary business.

Another Wrangle Precipitated.

Things went along smoothly until Dr. Lanahan made the point that Dr. Hamilton of Boston and his colleagues were in seats set apart for the laymen, and immediately another wrangle was precipitated. The laymen demanded that the Boston delegation of clericals be ejected from the seats. Dr. Hamilton bitterly contested and tried to have seats in other parts of the house set aside for laymen so that he could retain his location, which was an advantageous one. Dr. Leonard of Cincinnati wanted the additional seats so arranged that it would not interfere with the delegations seated under the regular call. He stated that 120 of the best seats were assigned to the laymen, and he did not believe any clericals should be dislodged to seat belated lay delegates. Dr. Bell demanded the assignment of lay seats be read but it was refused and the laymen were required to stand up and be counted. Lieutenant Governor Richards of Montana then stated that two ministers occupied two of the best seats, and specified the seats, but the offending clericals held on to their seats and the lieutenant governor continued to stand. Amendments, motions, substitutes, points of order, etc., were fired at the chair, but Bishop Andrews used his gavel vigorously and finally secured order.

Run Down by a Train.

PHILADELPHIA, May 3.—Theodore T. Woodruff, a civil and mechanical engineer and a close friend of Andrew Carnegie and Senator John Sherman, was instantly killed by the Brighton express as he was crossing the tracks of the West Jersey railway at Gloucester. Mr. Woodruff was 51 years old, the president of the Woodruff Patent Midship Screw Flange Propeller company, inventor of the sleeping car, and first president of the Central Transportation company. Years ago Mr. Woodruff lived in the present abode of Senator Sherman at Mansfield, O., and was president of the First National bank in that city.

Crespo Also Makes a Threat.

NEW YORK, May 3.—A special to The Herald from Barquismeto, Venezuela, says that Palacio's threat to kill the son of Crespo has reached the headquarters of the revolutionists and excited great indignation. Crespo declares if his son is put to death Palacio will be burned at the stake in Caracas. The dispatch adds that the revolutionist is getting dangerously near to Caracas, but Crespo is not yet prepared to make an attack.

Suit Against the Sugar Trust.

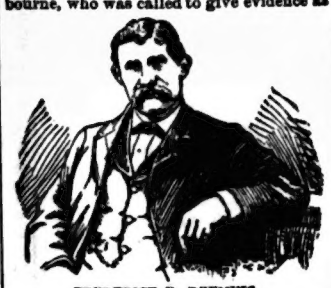
WASHINGTON, May 3.—Attorney General Miller has been advised that the United States district attorney at Philadelphia had begun suit in the United States circuit court against the sugar trust.

Locusts are committing great ravages in north Africa.

DEEMING MUST DIE.

The Notorious Woman Killer Sentenced at Melbourne.

MELBOURNE, May 2.—The trial of Deeming for the murder of his last wife, formerly Miss Mather of Rain Hill, was ended Monday morning. The latest testimony for the prisoner was that of Dr. Fishbourne, who was called to give evidence as to the prisoners's sanity. He swore that he had examined Deeming and found symptoms which indicated disease of the the brain. At this point the defence closed, the jury returned a verdict of guilty, and the judge sentenced Deeming to death.



FREDERICK B. DEEMING.

Remarks of the Judge.

The judge said that in all his experience with criminals he had never before seen such a consummate wretch as the prisoner. He spoke of Deeming's shameless effrontery during the trial and remarked that the jury had rightfully ignored the prisoner's clownish attempts to prove himself irresponsible. As the judge pronounced the words "to be hanged by the neck until dead," Deeming gasped and tottered, but recovered himself enough to nod with assumed indifference. He then sank back in his seat. The audience in the court room applauded the verdict and sentence.

ALTGELD FOR GOVERNOR.

Ticket Nominated by the Democrats of Illinois in State Convention.

SPRINGFIELD, April 28.—When the Democratic state convention reassembled after recess at 6 o'clock Wednesday afternoon the following ticket was nominated: Governor, John P. Altgeld; lieutenant governor, Joseph B. Gill; secretary of state, William H. Hinrichsen; auditor of state, David Gore; treasurer, Rufus N. Ramsay; attorney general, Maurice T. Molony; trustees state university, J. E. Armstrong, I. S. Raymond, M. B. Morrison.

Delegates at large—Adlai E. Stevenson, Bloomington; A. W. Green, C. E. Crafts, Samuel B. Chase, John A. King, Chicago, B. T. Cable, Rock Island; Walter Watson, Mount Vernon; Nicholas E. Worthington, Peoria.

Palmer, If a Western Man.

The resolutions indorse the administration of ex-President Cleveland, and in referring to Senator Palmer says:

"We congratulate the Democracy of Illinois and the whole country under the great triumph achieved by the Democrats of Illinois in the election of that grand man, patriot, soldier and statesman, General John M. Palmer, to the senate of the United States, and should it be deemed expedient to come to the great west for a candidate for the presidency to lead the Democratic hosts to victory, we commend him to the favorable consideration of the national Democratic convention and instruct our delegates to that convention to present his name and use all honorable means to secure his nomination."

LYNCH LAW IN TENNESSEE.

A Negro Taken from Jail and Strung Up by a Mob.

NASHVILLE, May 2.—A mob of over 300 armed men surrounded the jail at 2 o'clock Saturday afternoon, and without scarcely any resistance entered the jail. They came out a few minutes later leading the negro Eph Grizzard by a rope around his neck. The mob then left for the outskirts of the city with the intention of hanging Grizzard.

The mob hung the negro from a beam int he Cumberland river bridge. After swinging the negro over the railing the mob fired a fusilade of bullets into his body.

Costly Blaze at Pittsburg.

PITTSBURG, May 2.—Fire which originated in the elevator shaft of the Household Credit company on Liberty avenue Saturday morning, completely destroyed the building 723 and 725, and partly destroyed the building 727. Building 723 was occupied by John S. Roberts, wholesale wall paper, 725 by the Household Credit company, and 727 by Braden, a commission merchant and the Lindsey Hardware company. Total loss about $30,000. The fire was caused by an elevator inspector, who was examining the elevator in the Household Credit company's building. His lamp set fire to a pile of rags.

The Reading Coal Combine.

CHICAGO, May 2.—Coal will advance 50 cents per ton to the consumers dating from Friday. That an advance was to take place has been understood for several weeks, but the extent of the combination which caused the increase was not made public until now. By the terms of the transaction extensive and valuable riparian rights in Chicago, St. Paul and West Superior pass into the hands of the Reading Railroad company and that powerful corporation is now in a position to dictate to all engaged in the coal business in the northwest.

Explosion of a Sawmill Boiler.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., May 2.—The boiler in the sawmills of E. W. Pullen, near Rocky Comfort, Lafayette county, exploded Friday, killing Mr. Pullen, his engineer and fireman. Four others were seriously injured. One of the wounded is a woman, who had both arms and her legs broken. The boiler had been recently repaired and was started Friday in the presence of a number of bystanders. The cause of the explosion is unknown.

Flames in Hat Factory.

WORCESTER, Mass., April 29.—The large storehouse of the hat manufactury of Rogers & Osgood at Barre, together with 500 cases of hats and the finishing shop, was burned Thursday night, causing a loss of about $35,000, which is covered by insurance.

Fatal Wreck in Indiana.

MICHIGAN CITY, Ind., May 2.—A washout on the Monon railroad six miles south of this city Monday morning caused a wreck of a freight train killing John Murry, engineer; Edward Bowman, fireman; Elmer Brown, brakeman.

1892		MAY.				1892
Su.	Mo.	Tu.	We.	Th.	Fri.	Sat.
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22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Important Happenings of the Past Few Days Briefly Stated.

It has been arranged for King Humbert of Italy and the Austrian emperor to visit Berlin simultaneously.

Michigan fishermen, armed with Winchester rifles, took charge of a dock erected by the Booth Packing company at Sault Ste. Marie.

Sam P. Falk, a Texarkana jeweler whose place is now in the hands of a receiver, has been surrendered by his bondsmen on an old indictment for perjury. His bond was $2,500. He was taken to the Mount Pleasant jail by the sheriff.

A collision on the Milwaukee, Lake Shore and Western road near Bessemer, Mich., between a passenger train and a wild switch engine resulted in the death of Patrick Fowler, the fireman, and the serious injury of Engineer Dugan Hoozer.

In a drunken quarrel at Fairmount, W. Va., one man was killed and two others were seriously wounded.

Mrs. John Meterko of Reading, Pa., when she could stand intense pain no longer, with her husband's razor slashed her throat from ear to ear and died.

Glasgow shipowners propose to reduce the wages of seamen.

Clement Lack, an employe of the Michigan City Lumber company, of LaPorte, Ind., was crushed to death by a pile of lumber falling on him.

The connection between the two sections of the intermediate spans of the great bridge at Memphis has been finally accomplished.

Tasmania, the Irish horse, broke the English jumping record, clearing an obstruction six feet high.

Frank Pierce, an ex-constable of Warren, Ia., has been sentenced to the penitentiary for four and one-half years for the slaying of Officer Wishart.

Philadelphia has nearly 400 miles of street railways.

Alex Lindberg, a miner, was kiled in the Johnson coal mine near Boone, Ia. The roof fell upon him and broke his back.

* * *

Mrs. Langtry has been gambling at Monte Carlo with a son of Sir Robert Peel as a companion.

John Murphy and Keet Knott of Urbana, Ills., fought on the street in that place and Murphy was seriously wounded with a knife.

Horace Orendorf, an old citizen of Ottumwa, Ia., fell dead while walking on Second street in that city.

The Michigan Trotting association gives $5,000 for a contest between Direct and Hal Pointer.

Jack Green, who has been an active leader of the Republicans in Lincoln parish, La., has been served with notice to leave, under pain of death. He says he will not go, and ascribes the affair to political enmities.

Florence Sullivan of Cincinnati, who was serving a term in the Indiana penitentiary for burglary, has been pardoned. Upon investigating the case Governor Chase became convinced that the prisoner did not intend to commit a crime.

A reward of $3,500 has been offered by the governor of New York for the arrest of Tom O'Brien, the famous bunco steerer, who recently escaped from Dannemora.

Henry Irving, the English actor, is threatened with the loss of his voice, and has been obliged to relinquish his part at the Lyceum theatre, at least, temporarily.

The schedule of assets and liabilities of the St. Paul German Insurance company, which recently failed, shows of the former $767,832 and of the latter $210,616.

The Hon. Patrick Greville-Nugent, brother of Lord Greville, who is charged with having assaulted Miss Price in a compartment of a train running from Brighton to London on the night of April 18, has been committed for trial.

Miss Lyle Freeman Schultz of Philadelphia was married in England to John B. da Costa Ricci, the son of a Portuguese baron.

* * *

Two anarchists named La Peyre and Francois, have been arrested in Paris. Francois is suspected of being concerned in the explosion at the cafe of M. Very.

On the occasion of the golden wedding of the King and Queen of Denmark the Empress of Russia will present her father, King Christian, with six white horses, all of pure Arab race.

Burlington (Iowa) citizens are agitated over the mysterious disappearance of Constable Dan Agnew, a painter by the name of Bayne, and the 16-year-old daughter of Adam Mochm.

Mrs. Garrett Newhouse of Chautauqua, N. Y., is missing and is thought to have drowned herself for unknown reasons.

The captain of the bark Petrel has been sentenced to a year's imprisonment for leaving a seaman drown after falling overboard off the coast of Ireland.

Ed Roseberry, on trial at Marshall, Ills., for the murder of J. M. Gooch in 1890, was acquitted.

At Goshen, Ind., Miss Cassandra Booker has sued Melvin Wysing for $10,000 damages for breach of promise.

Elisha Hewitt, a wealthy farmer living near Bristol, Vt., has been kidnaped and is held for a ransom.

Deer in the vicinity of East Tawas, Mich., are so numerous they threaten the destruction of the wheat crop.

Merrill, Fifield & Co.'s grain elevator at Bay City, Mich., was destroyed by fire, causing a loss of $75,000.

In a glove fight at New Orleans Johnny Van Heest knocked out George Siddons in the seventh round.

Stockmen from western Texas have shipped 130,000 head of cattle on to the Ponca Indian reservation to graze.

Veterans who escaped the Sultana explosion held their annual reunion at Toledo.

Henry M. Stanley, who looks extremely well after his prolonged sojourn in Australia, will take a protracted rest in England, after which he will visit Africa.

The Farmers' and Citizens' bank of Goshen, Ind., has been absorbed by the New State bank, with a capital stock of $50,000.

Billy Considine, one of the notorious Detroit gang, has eloped with Ida Lyons, the daughter of a prominent livery man. Ida fled from a convent.

* * *

William Bird, Aaron Nye and Bradley Nye, negroes, were killed and Charles Hatten, Eugene Perkins, Jesse Martin, Manuel Washington, Wallace Davis and Wallace King, negroes, were injured in a railroad accident near Kennerville, La.

Mrs. John Ross of Rockford, Ills., was so badly frightened during a storm that she died soon after.

The Canadian papers speak of a large immigration this year of English farmers to the Manitoba regions. Five hundred recently left Toronto for that section to found homes.

Anthracite coal merchants met in New York and agreed upon a small advance.

Mrs. Robert Clark of Hillsdale, Mich., died from the effects of a dose of paris green, taken while she was temporarily insane.

Milton Young has mortgaged his famous Kentucky thoroughbred race farm to the Tattersalls, New York, limited, for $100,000, which he is to lay out in making McGrathiana the finest breeding establishment of the kind in the world.

Mississippi contractors are charged with cruelty to convicts whose services they lease from the state. The board of control will investigate.

At Decatur, Mich., Mrs. Elizabeth van Auken was awarded $8,000 damages against the Chicago and West Michigan railway for injuries received from being struck by a locomotive.

An old Californian says that in the last forty-two years he has felt about two hundred and fifty earthquake shocks in San Francisco. Most of them, of course, were insignificant and momentary.

Mme. Nordica, the singer, was badly bruised and shaken up in a carriage accident in London. In consequence of her injuries she has canceled her concert engagements for a few days.

Congressman A. J. Hopkins was unanimously renominated by the Republicans of the Fifth Illinois district at Elgin.

Dr. J. S. Wright of Nuncia, Mich., while out driving was thrown from his buggy and received probably fatal injuries.

The German frontier is being strictly watched in order to prevent an influx of French anarchists into Germany.

Henry Marlett was instantly killed near Otis, Mich., a six-foot log rolling over him. He was 23 years of age.

* * *

Students at a minstrel performace burlesqued Professor Dwight T. Carroll of Lehigh university and the affair so preyed upon his mind that he became insane.

Henry Redhead was caught in a shaft in Rhodes Bros.' elevator in Estherville, Ia., and fatally injured. He was whirled around at the rate of 200 revolutions a minute.

The grand jury of St. Clair county, Ills., has indicted Mike Henderson, a negro, for attempting to assault Miss Phœbe Lewis of Lebanon some time ago. At the time of the outrage he was swung up to a tree by enraged citizens three times and narrowly escaped death by lynching. He was finally cut down and lodged in jail.

Congressman John L. Mitchell has notified the University of Wisconsin authorities that he will continue twenty scholarships in agriculture at that institution for 1893, 1894 and 1895, each worth $60 a year.

The case of Ed and Grant Atterbury at Shelbyville, Ills., charged with the murder of their father, has been postponed until the October term.

William Hanley of Joliet, Ills., has been sentenced to three years in the penitentiary for throwing a stone through a vestibule train.

Denver bankers are considering the propriety of asking the comproller of the currency to make Denver a reserve city.

The Massachusetts house of representatives refused to give women the right to vote on the liquor question.

Secretary Blaine, before the senate committee on commerce, opposed a concession allowing the French cable to land on the south Atlantic coast, on the ground that it would injure American prospects for a cable to Brazil.

Reports from all parts of Illinois indicate the crop season to be three weeks late.

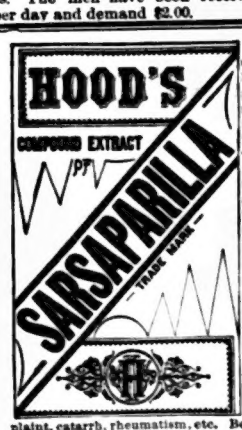
The Toledo, Columbus and Cincinnati railroad is reported sold to the Big Four.

Mary Johnson, a colored woman employed in the house of L. G. Wilson in Joliet, Ills., blew out the gas when she went to bed and was asphyxiated.

* * *

Mrs. Henry Greve of Cincinnati ended a six years' search for a runaway husband at Indianapolis by finding him living with Anna Mille. The latter supposed that Greve was a single man. The deserted wife had him arrested.

All graders employed on the Burlington extension to the Bald Mountain mining districts have struck for higher wages. The men have been receiving $1.75 per day and demand $2.00.



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T. A. Slocum, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

TERMS:

One Year, Single Subscription.....$2.50
Six Months.....1.25
Single Copies.....05
Clubs of five, ten, or more, by mail, yearly each.....2.00

All Subscriptions payable in Advance.

Entered at the Postoffice, Chicago, for transmission through the Mail as second-class matter.

The publishers will not be responsible for any money forwarded through the mail, unless it is sent by Express Money Order, Postoffice Order, Draft, or Registered Letter.

Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the editor. All business letters should be addressed to THE CITIZEN Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, MAY 7, 1892

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—"Alabama."

M'VICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between Dearborn and State—Rose and Charles Coghlan.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE,
Corner Clark and Washington Sts.—Donnelly & Gerard.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—"The Lost Paradise."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE,
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Sol Smith Russell.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—The Bostonians.

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"O'Dowd's Neighbors."

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

LANGUAGE VERSUS LOYALTY.

There is, at present, a wave of panic, resulting from the insane acts of the anarchists in France and other European countries, spreading over the world. THE CITIZEN hoped that America, at least, would not be compelled to a display of European like force on the occasion of Sunday's labor parade, but the municipal authorities, in their wisdom let us hope, saw fit to convert Chicago into a second Paris on that occasion. There was a huge turnout of the police force, galloping of aides to and fro, and all, as it turned out, to swell the slim proportions of a tempest in a teapot. There may be still people criminally insane in this city, who have no respect for the laws of God or man, for public morality or the American flag, but in the vast volume of sterling loyalty which surrounds them, they are powerless for harm, and any demonstration of alarm on the part of the city authorities only helps to give them a fictitious importance. Panic is about as contagious as cholera on the small pox, and when those whose duty it is to maintain the dignity of the law make an exhibition of fear and trembling, it is hardly wonderful that those who look to them for protection in life life and property should fear and tremble also. As a matter of precaution, the presence of ununiformed police on the streets on Sunday was all right enough, but the display of masses of men in uniform had a spice of Russia in it that should not sit well on the American stomach. The daily papers state that Chief McClaughery was glued to his seat at the city hall all day, and that the dapper little mayor, cigarette in mouth, was also at his desk, waiting to alleviate the awful "massacray," which did not occur. In point of fact, the so-called labor parade was dull and uninteresting to the verge of stupidity. The unhappy police, commanded by heroic generals, were compelled to seize a few second hand auction flags, which floated at the heads of unarmed societies. These splendid trophies are now grouped in a graceful festoon above Chief McClaughery's desk, very much as the conquered banners of Europe used to be grouped in the hall of the Invalides when Napoleon paid his round of martial visits to the vanquished capitals of that continent. It may be set down as certain that the country is safe at last. It looks strange, however, that the two greatest republics of the world, the United States and France, should find it necessary to show more force on May 1 than the worst of the despotic powers. The circumstance is not a matter of congratulation for those who love and revere republican institutions. In France the forceful demonstration, owing to the recent murderous doings of the anarchists, was justifiable. In America it closely approached the ridiculous.

It would now appear, according to some daily papers, that ignorance of the English language is a great political crime. Why should not American citizens learn loyalty in other tongues than the English? One great daily, published in Chicago, says:

"But what of the slums in American cities? What is the nature of their population? It is made up of foreigners, of Italians, Hungarians, Poles, Russians and some Germans, none of them, except the children in some cases, speaking the English language. Many of them are socialists, anarchists and haters of everything American. They have no knowledge either of American or British ideas, of literature, religion, self-government or anything else that goes to make up American citizenship. They can only be communicated with by interpreters on any subject. They are unfitted for the reception of American ideas, and on every possible occasion they show their hostility to them. They are unclean, debased in mind and body, and mostly slaves of alcohol. They are the constituency to which the Mosts and Rivachols of society make their appeals with success. What, therefore, can be done for them? How can philanthropists reach them, talk to them, change their un American ideas and reclaim them?

"Such are the enormous difficulties which confront American missionaries of reform when they seek to influence and elevate the denizens of the slums in American cities. Slumming in British cities in comparison is a light and easy task for the reason we have stated. The British poor and debased can be approached from many sides. They can be appealed to from the national feeling, which is the strongest of all feelings. The American alien of the slums has no points in common with Americans. He not only has not the American national feeling but he hates everything American. He is the natural enemy of American law, American schools and churches, and American society."

The foregoing is queer language when addressed to the countrymen of Columbus, who discovered America; of Americus, who made a chart of its coasts and from whom its named; of Louis Kossuth, who was once the idol of the American people, and who now, in extreme old age, has the respect of mankind because of his consistency and moral bravery; of Kosciusko, who fought for American liberty side by side with Washington, and of Pulaski, who died for it, sword in hand, in front of Savannah; of Von Steuben, who was the chief drill master and organizer of the Continental army, and of countless other heroes whose mother tongue was not English, but whose hearts were truer to America than were those of many so-called Americans, born upon this soil, and educated in the comprehensive composite jargon, usually called the English language. That mode of speech has borrowed from the Cymry, the Roman, the Saxon, the Dane and the Franco-Norman—in fact from all Europe, and is a linguistic hodge podge in which most civilized races can claim some representation. George III spoke English, with a Brunswick brogue; Lord North spoke it with the accent of an aristocrat. Were they friends of American liberty and institutions? Burgoyne swore in English, when he surrendered at Saratoga, and Cornwallis followed his example when he hauled down King George's flag at Yorktown. Half the army that compelled Cornwallis to capitulate did not speak the English tongue. They were the countrymen of Lafayette and Rochambeau. Arnold spoke, and wrote, English when he agreed to surrender West Point to the English enemy; and André, who acted as go between, offered up his last prayer in English when he was executed as a spy on the felon's tree at Tarrytown. Gen. Ross, the "Scotch-Irishman," who burned Washington in 1814, gave the barbaric order in the English tongue. Every real enemy that America has had, except a few crazy, semi-ignorant anarchists, spoke and wrote in English. Even among the Chicago anarchists, two of the men most prominent in making violent appeals against the law spoke English—Parsons and Fielden. Both were equally guilty, but Fielden had his sentence commuted, chiefly because he was born in England, and had all the "advawntages" of knowing the English language when he came here. Parsons happened to be merely an American, and, although he surrendered when he might have easily escaped, was hanged with the other less fortunate co workers in law breaking of the burly Englishman, Fielden.

Jefferson Davis spoke English excellently well. So did Bob Toombs, who said he would live to call the roll of his slaves under the shadow of the Bunker Hill Monument. Nobody ever accused "Hangman" Foote of being ignorant of English, and we believe that Raphael Semmes, in classical English, gave orders to his gunners to sweep American commerce from the seas. These are stubborn facts, and the finger of scorn should not be pointed at poor "foreigners," born outside the charmed circle of the English speaking nations, until they have produced at least as many anti-American tyrants, traitors, spies and marauders as those of English race and language have done. Man does not live by bread alone. Neither does loyalty by speech alone.

A TASK FOR THE NATIVISTS.

While so many patriots are yelling about the American flag, American institutions, American ideas, and so forth, why do they not also demand an American language? Are we to be forever tied to the English bastard idiom? There is nothing in a nation so national as its language. Are we, then, English or American? There is, occasionally, a little difference in the matter of accent or pronunciation, but to all intents and purposes we are Englishers speaking the English tongue. What other great nation is in such a plight? Germany speaks German, France speaks French, Italy, Italian and Russia, Russian, but we speak English! Under the circumstances, we are only half independent. We still babble in the language of those who failed to murder us. If we have Departments of Agriculture, etc., why not a Department of Language? Board after board has been appointed by American churches to "revise" the Bible, and make it more incomprehensible to the average human mind than it was in the days of its crudest translation, but our "holy" h'English must remain undisturbed. It would only take a few generations to make a brand new American language, and the work should be undertaken at once. England has stolen her language from all the countries of Europe and we are accessories after the fact in her barefaced lingual robberies. Before we prate too much about "native American" nationality let us have a "native American" language. We do not mean Sioux or Choctaw, but an American language common to all, and racy of the soil, "neither Saxon nor Italian."

SHALL IT BE UNION OR RUIN?

THE CITIZEN, as we think will be generally conceded, has never changed its opinion about the almost uselessness of the parliamentary moral force system applied by Ireland against England. If it has acquiesced in the parliamentary policy in any degree, it is simply from a conviction that Irish national action, in some form, is better than no action whatever. It also recognizes the logic of circumstances and the hopelessness of making any successful armed demonstration against England while the tyrant is at peace with the other great powers of the world. The Irish parliamentary movement is simply the manifestation of the Irish national desire for independence—call it parliamentary or legislative independence if you will, but, anyhow, independence. It has been useful in drawing the attention of the world to one of the most atrocious political crimes in history—the burking of Irish autonomy by the infamous act of artificial Union. In the vigorous days of Parnell, when the latent physical force behind the movement at home and abroad was neither repudiated nor "rebuked" by persons commissioned to repudiate and "rebuke" Ireland's most earnest friends, it won the respect, because it provoked the fear, of England and brought that extraordinary human pendulum, William Ewart Gladstone, to a stand still, compelling him, when motion was resumed, to swing more in the direction of liberty than of coercion.

The militant tactics pursued by Parnell, Biggar and others in the English house of commons, aroused the enthusiasm of the American Irish, and, for the nonce, they laid aside all "physical force" effort, in order not to embarrass the "moral force" doctors. Now, we are having the result of the ill judged magnanimity. Parnell is gone and pandemonium reigns among his former lieutenants, some of whom upheld him, and most of whom drove their daggers into his broken heart. The American Irish have asked, in a manly way, for the cessation of hostilities, but up to date, they have not been heeded. The foul farce of parliamentary effort without parliamentary union, continues in Ireland, and the men who are responsible for it will be cursed in their graves by the children of the land their selfishness and ambition have betrayed.

Of all the American papers that have been sincerely friendly to the movement for Irish legislative independence none has surpassed the New York *Sun*, edited by Charles A. Dana. Admirably reviewing the existing wretched state of affairs on the other side of the Atlantic, Mr. Dana says:

"It is certain that the Unionists all over Ireland will try to effect a secret coalition with whichever of the Nationalist factions happens to be the weaker in a particular constituency. Success in such a manœuvre would be shameful, but the true way to avert the shame is to arrange a truce between the Nationalist factions on the fundamental condition that in no single instance shall McCarthyite and Redmondite candidates be pitted against each other. Certain seats may be freely conceded to Mr. Redmond and his followers, while others are reserved for Mr. McCarthy and his friends. It should be easy for the factional leaders to arrive at such an agreement, unless their patriotism is a sham.

"It is not merely, however, the shrinkage of the Irish Nationalist representation at Westminster on which Unionists are reckoning. They desire to keep alive and to inflame the existing discord in the Nationalist ranks, in the hope that the two Nationalist factions may take opposed and even irreconcilable views of the measure to be framed by Mr. Gladstone. If this sinister expectation is fulfilled—if the Unionists are able to say that Mr. Gladstone is trying to push through a bill about which Irishmen themselves are not agreed—it will be difficult, and perhaps impossible for a Liberal prime minister to hold his English and Scotch followers together. The unpleasant fact must be faced that a large number of Gladstonians are mainly interested in questions relating to Great Britain, and are only friendly to Home Rule because Mr. Gladstone wants it. Among these tardy and lukewarm converts there are wide differences of opinion as to the proper scope of the concessions to be made to the demands of Ireland. They can all be made to subordinate their own individual ideas to the will of their leader by a demonstration that Ireland's demands are distinct, unequivocal and peremptory. In the absence of such a demonstration, and in the presence of proof that Nationalists themselves do not know what they want, a second and fatal secession from the Gladstonian column is almost certain to take place. It was on the express ground that an immense majority of Ireland's representatives at Westminster, viz, 85 out of 103, insisted on a repeal of the Act of Union, that Mr. Gladstone himself became a convert to the justice and expediency of Home Rule. If that majority is now, upon the eve of the greatest crisis in the history of Ireland, to be cut down and broken up Mr. Gladstone himself might say that the situation is profoundly altered and that he cannot afford to legislate for a country which cannot agree upon a programme.

"If a separate government for Ireland is not the outcome of the approaching general election in the United Kingdom, the responsibility will largely rest upon the friends of Ireland in the United States. They could have compelled long ago a reunion of the Nationalist factions, and if they shrank for any reason from coercion for that purpose, they could at all events have forced the leaders to arrange a truce upon some such terms as we have indicated. They can do it now; but will they? That is for them to decide, and according to their decision they will be judged by history."

THE CITIZEN earliestly hopes that the wise words of that true and powerful American friend of Ireland, Mr. Dana, will sink deep into the minds of the present leaders of the Irish factions. It may also be well to say bluntly to the gentlemen indicated that the American Irish care very little for the personal ambitions or piques of Mr. McCarthy, Mr. Healy, Mr. Dillon, or any other particles of cosmic dust thrown into the Irish atmosphere by the shock that destroyed the great luminary from which they originally derived their importance. These words may be offensive to the gentlemen mentioned, but that cannot be helped. In the vastness of the cause, the insignificance of individuals becomes more apparent. Let us have peace, or let them quit the field they have disgraced.

THE MOORE CELEBRATION.

The Tom Moore anniversary celebration to be held at Central Music Hall on Friday evening, May 27, promises to be one of the most successful literary and musical events of the year. See programme on 5th page.

THE IRISH AT GETTYSBURG.

The managers of the panorama of the Battle of Gettysburg, which is situated on Wabash avenue and Panorama place, this city, have recently adorned the outer walls of the building with the American and German, the American and Swedish, and the American and French flags crossed, with the title of the great battle in the respective languages beneath them. There are two Scandinavian flags, although that element among the soldiers of the Union was not so proportionately large, though fairly respectable, as to call for such a distinction. It is presumable that the American national flag and shield, which also adorn the panoramic walls, are intended to represent all the English-speaking soldiers who fought at Gettysburg, including the Irish. But to those not familiar with the history of the great civil war, the absence of an Irish flag, crossed with the American, might have to be explained. It is, perhaps, superfluous to say that the troops made up of Irishmen or their immediate descendants in the Union army made at least as honorable a record as any others engaged in the terrible struggle. Two regiments of Meagher's Irish Brigade are placed high in the roll of 100 regiments who lost more than 50 per cent of their effective strength in battle. THE CITIZEN cannot give the numbers of all the Irish battalions that participated on the Union side in the War of the Rebellion, but it can recall enough of them to show how much of a factor the Irish were in maintaining the Union and promoting the emancipation of the slaves. From Massachusetts, there came the 9th and 28th; from Connecticut the 6th; from New York the 37th Irish Rifles, the 42d Tammany, the 63d, 69th, and 88th, Irish Brigade, and the Corcoran Legion; from Pennsylvania there came the 69th, 116th and other regiments; from Ohio "the fighting 10th;" from Indiana the 35th, commanded by Col. B. F. Mullen; from Illinois the 23d and the 90th; from Wisconsin the 17th; from Missouri the 7th, and so on through the list. By their deeds in arms, the Irish are entitled to separate recognition on the walls of the Panorama building. While they are always proud of being Americans, and while their flag represents a hope rather than a reality, they are, necessarily, jealous of their military glory, so dearly purchased, and, because they have the misfortune to speak the tongue of their political conquerors, they should not be deprived of the splendid companionship in arms to which they are entitled. No troops received from the American generals more gallant recognition than the Irish. Their fame will live forever in the official dispatches of McClellan, Sumner, Hancock, Richardson and other heroic chiefs of the Union army.

At Gettysburg—although worn and wasted by the bloody agonies of Antietam, where they swept over the sunken road; of Fredericksburg, where they faced a storm of shot and shell that mowed them down in hundreds, and won the praise of friend and foe by their unflinching courage; and of Chancellorsville, where they displayed a soldierly fortitude and firmness in the midst of panic and disaster—at Gettysburg their part was a glorious one, and should not be forgotten in the land which they bled to preserve. The remnant of Meagher's Irish brigade fought in that battle with their accustomed bravery. They were the 28th Massachusetts, the 63d, 69th and 88th New York, and 116th Pennsylvania, all under the command of Col. Patrick Kelly, of the 88th, then acting brigadier general, and belonged to Gen. Caldwell's First Division of the Second Corps, Army of the Potomac.

Their part in that "crowning victory," which turned the tide of rebel success, is to be commemorated on canvas, by the pencil of the renowned artist, Prof. Paul Wood. It will be 8x11 feet, and will be placed in one of the galleries of the Bishop's Memoral Hall at the University of Notre Dame, Ind. A contemporary says:

"The scene will represent what took place on July 2, when the Irish Brigade was sent to the assistance of Sickles' Third Corps, at that time defending heroically the Little Round Top. Father Corby, who accompanied the Army of the Potomac from the first Bull Run, and who was in at the 'Round-Up' at Appomatox, stood out in front of the Irish Brigade and gave each member present absolution, the men kneeling and receiving the benediction. Chaplain Corby stood out in front of the Brigade on a large rock and explained what he was about to do for the soldiers, saying that each one could receive the benefit of the absolution by making a sincere act of contrition, and firmly resolving to embrace the first opportunity of confessing his sins; urging them to do their duty well, and reminding them of the high and sacred nature of their trust as soldiers and the noble object for which they fought, ending by saying the Catholic church refuses Christian burial to the soldier who turns his back upon the foe or deserts his country's flag.

"As he closed his address every man fell on his knees with head bowed down. Then, lifting his right hand, Father Corby pronounced the solemn words of absolution. The scene was more than impressive; it was awe-inspiring. Near by stood Rancock, surrounded by a brilliant throng of officers, who had gathered to witness this unusual spectacle—bursting shells screamed through the air, the roar of battle rose and swelled through the woods, making music more sublime than ever resounded through cathedral aisles. Gen. St. Clair A. Mulholland, a witness of the sublime scene says, 'I do not think there was a man in the brigade who did not offer up a heartfelt prayer. For some it was their last; they knelt there in their grave clothes; in less than half an hour many of them were numbered with the dead. Who can doubt their prayers were good? That heart would be incorrigible indeed that the scream of a Whitworth bolt, added to Father Corby's appeal, would not move to contrition.'"

Capt. "Jack" Gosson, Gen. Meagher's chief of staff, used to tell a story about Private Pat Murphy, of the 69th—one of the foremost who fell at Fredericksburg. Things looked very ugly on Marye's Heights, which were lined with cannon and packed with infantry. Behind the terrible stone wall at the foot of the heights, were to be seen McLaw's division of Longstreet's rebel corps, their deadly looking rifles glittering in the morning sun. The chaplain, Father Corby most likely, wanted all the boys of the brigade to make their confession before going into action. Nearly all did so, but poor Pat Murphy was one of the exceptions. As "the general" sounded, the chaplain observed him running to take his place in the ranks. "Hallo, Pat," shouted the good priest, "aren't you going to confess your sins before facing death?" "I haven't time, your reverence," replied Pat. "There's that divil Corporal O'Shaughnessy beckoning me to hurry up. 'Tis afeard they'll think I am, if I'm late." "Make a general confession, Pat," said the chaplain, "and I'll pronounce the absolution." "All right, your reverence," said Pat, kneeling down and blessing himself, "Put me down for everything but murder!" Then he rushed into the valley of death, "and foremost fighting fell."

The battle was over, the dead lay in heaps,
Pat Murphy lay rigid and gory,
A rifleman's aim put a ball through his head
And finished his passion for glory:
No more in the camp will his laughter be heard,
Ringing out in the morning so gaily—
He sleeps his last sleep in the battle-trench deep
Far away from his home in Shillaly.

As there are about 400,000 Irish, or American born people of the Irish race, in this city, it might not be a bad idea for the Gettysburg Panorama officers to pay them a distinctive compliment, in placing the flag of their fathers, crossed with the Stars and Stripes, upon their outer walls. They certainly can lose nothing by performing a gracious, and graceful, act of justice.

DEATH OF "CARL PRETZEL."

Mr. Charles H. Harris, known of all men as "Carl Pretzel," and one of those pleasant souls who have the good will of all their fellow mortals, died of a complication of diseases, the chief malady being muscular rheumatism, on Wednesday afternoon. He was born in Rochester, N.Y., May 21, 1843, and was educated in that city. He served as an officer in the navy during the civil war, and came to Chicago in 1866. He edited several weekly papers, and was very successful in his line of business. The funeral will occur from St. Andrew's church, Washington boulevard and Robey street tomorrow (Sunday) afternoon.

THE Irish-American Club held its annual meeting last Sunday and elected the following officers: President, John S. Cooke; vice president, M. J. Keane; treasurer, P. Cavanagh; recording secretary, E. P. Nerny; corresponding secretary, W. P. Farrell; financial secretary, James Conlan, Jr.; executive committee, J. M. Carroll, J. B. Lynch, P. McHugh, J. S. Hyland, E. H. Roche; house committee, M. F. Madden, D. J. Gallery, William Fogarty; auditing committee, H. Wrightson, N. D. Laughlin, T. J. Darcy.

THERE are cranks in this country who advocate the creation by Congress of a Board of Public Morality. If we are to judge of most members of Congress by what partisan newspapers say of them, the attempt to create such a body would be about as hopeless as to try and make ropes out of the sands of the sea shore.

"BLAINE," says the Chicago *Tribune*, "is the enthusiastic first choice of the Republicans." Benjamin is second ditto, according to the same authority. The E. F. C's. name was cheered to the echo at the Springfield Republican convention on Wednesday. The E. S. C. has not confided his sentiments on the display to THE CITIZEN up to date.

MR. ALEXANDER BLANE, Irish M. P., from an Ulster constituency, has, it is announced by cable, withdrawn his question designed to make Mr. Gladstone show his hand on the Home Rule bill. THE CITIZEN begs leave to inform Mr. Blane that one of its intimate friends has seen Mr. Gladstone's "hand," and he holds the worst kind of a "bobtailed flush."

BOTH Springfield conventions seem to be developing an entirely new crop of saviors of the country. THE CITIZEN, however, is compelled to pray heaven to save the country from some of them, at least.

MR. GEORGE A. FAIR, the deservedly popular treasurer of the Haymarket Theatre, will have a benefit tomorrow (Sunday, May 8), when a most attractive programme will be presented. THE CITIZEN hopes Mr. Fair will have a house equal to his merits and expectations.

PERSONAL.

The Nashville *American* of April 26 says: "John P. Sutton, Esq., of Lincoln, Neb., editor of *Irish American Weekly*, of that city, is visiting friends in this city. Few men are better known throughout America than Mr. Sutton, who has been the secretary of the Irish National League in America for the past eight years, and through the varying phases of Irish politics has been the true and tried friend of the poor and oppressed in the old country. He is on his way to New Orleans and stopped over in this city to pay his respects to the officers and members of the Parnell Branch, who have at all times taken a leading part in the work of the League in America. He was shown around the city yesterday by Messrs. Jas. Killelea, M. J. Martin and other well known Irishmen, and last night was the guest of the Emmet Club. He is stopping at the Duncan, and may be prevailed upon by friends to remain over today.

The new bishop of Brooklyn, Right Rev. Charles E. McDonnell, D.D., took possession of his See on Monday, May 2d. His spiritual subjects had prepared a great welcome for him, and he entered upon the duties of his office with every indication of a most fruitful administration of one of the most important episcopal charges in the whole Catholic world. He is a fine type of the best of our Irish-American priests. A man of a very wide range of ability, those who know him best will be much disappointed if he does not prove a fitting successor to the men who have made the Episcopacy in New York of National renown. It is of special interest, also, to note that the coadjutor named for the venerable bishop of Burlington, Vt., Father Michaud, is the son of an Irish mother. The good old Celtic blood tells, everywhere.—*Irish American.*

Postmaster Foster of Lubec, Maine, writes that after the Grip, Hood's Sarsaparilla brought him out of a feeble, nervous condition, into complete strength and health.

Hood's Pills have won high praise for their prompt and efficient yet easy action.

A Social Gathering.

The Finerty Athletic and Social Club will give a May party at Cline's hall, corner Wells and Huron streets, this (Saturday) evening, May 7. As the members of the club have numerous friends in the city it is expected that it will be the largest dance ever held in the hall. All persons interested in Gaelic athletics should do a little towards supporting the clubs, and by attending their dances they will help them considerably. A good time is guaranteed to everbody who will attend. Tickets, admitting gentleman and ladies, 50 cents, for sale at the door.

An Unusual List of Names.

The *Cosmopolitan* begins its thirteenth volume, May issue, under the joint editorship of Mr. W. D. Howells and Mr. Walker with a table of contents which will attract attention.

James Russell Lowell, Frank R. Stockton, Theodore Roosevelt, Edmund Clarence Stedman, Henry James, Prof. H. H. Boyesen, Hamlin Garland, John Hay, Sarah Orne Jewett, Prof. Langley of the Smithsonian, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, and W. D. Howells himself are among the contributors. The illustrations in this issue are by such well known artists as E. W. Kemble, Frederic Remington, F. S. Church, Walter Crane, William M. Chase, C. S. Reinhart, Dan Beard, George Wharton Edwards, Wilson de Meza, etc.

Early Closing on Saturday.

Most of the wholesale and retail firms in Chicago have decided to close their stores on Saturday at 1:00 p. m., commencing May 1, in order to give their clerks a much-needed rest. In connection with this service the Wisconsin Central lines beg to announce that commencing May 1 excursion tickets will be placed on sale to Lake Villa, Fox Lake, Antioch and Nukwonago. Trains leave the Grand Central Passenger Station at 8:00 a. m., 3:00 p. m., 4:25 p. m. 5:47 p. m., and 10:45 p. m. Returning trains arrive at Chicago at 7:15 a. m., 9:45 a. m., 1:55 p. m., and 7:45 p. m. Ticket Office 205 Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

BEFORE COLUMBUS.

Evidence That St. Brendin of Ireland Was the Discoverer of America.

Facts Presented Before the Gaelic Society of New York, With Documentary Proof, by Gen. Butterfield.

[CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.]

Still, not entirely satisfied with the report for my friend, effort was made to secure one of the MSS. This was impossible. The courtesy of the Bibliotheque Nationale permitted me to have a photograph copy made of the MSS., which had been written out previously by the expert, and it is here before you this evening, an equivalent, for student's purposes or a historian, to the original. This MSS. came into the possession of the Bibliotheque Nationale from the Abbey of St. Martial at Limoges (Haute Vienna). It is of the tenth century, notwithstanding the catalogue makes it of the twelfth.

It begins with homilies for the Nativity, taken from St John Chrysostum, St. Augustine, St. Gregory, Bede and Origen. Then follow extracts from the Fathers, suited to sermons; letters of St. John, extracts from the lives of the saints, among others those of St. Amand of Angouleme, St. Basil and St. Eparchius. The life of St. Brendin is followed by acts of our Savior. It extends from leaf 104 to leaf 108 of the bound volumes.

The manuscript is thirteen inches by six somewhat reduced in the photo copy. It begins with a description of St. Brendin and of the confession made to him by Father Barindus. This confession tells of the stories told the father by his son, a sailor, and this sailor's story laid the foundation of St. Brendin's desire to make a voyage to the Land of Promise, which I believe was America.

St. Brendin laid the statement before seven chosen men of his whole community of 3,000 in the following language, according to the manuscript:

"My beloved fellow-warriors, I ask of you counsel and help, inasmuch as my thoughts and my heart are bent on one desire if it be the will of God. That land whereof Father Barindus has spoken is the land of promise of the saints I have set my heart upon. What say you? What counsel do you give me? Their answer was, 'Abbott, your will is ours; have we not left our parents, have we not forsaken our inheritance, have we not delivered ourselves up unto you? Therefore, with you we are ready to go unto life or death.'"

They had given their lives to their work. For they considered the story as a revalation to enable them to reach the land which St. Patrick's prophecy had foretold. St. Patrick said, when upon the highlands of Munster and looking out upon the Atlantic, that a man of renown should arise in those lands and go out upon the sea and find the promised land. This prophecy is known to all who are familiar with his history, and is a household word with the educated in the Kerry region, and was before Brendin was born or known.

"Adding to these seven counsellors, another seven, making fourteen, they made a camp near an inlet of the sea large enough to allow the passage of one ship." The language of the manuscripts says they took their implements and made a ship ribbed and planked from within, as was the custom in those parts, and covered it with the hides of oxen, caulking all the seams of the skins on the outside. They took in two supplies in addition to the ordinary supply of food, sufficient to provide them for forty days, and also oil to use on the skins, together with many utensils which pertain to the wants of human life. A mast they built in the middle of the ship, and the other rigging which belongs to such a craft. They went aboard, and having unfurled the sails they set out toward the Summer solstice. They had a prosperous voyage (westward), their only needful labors as they went along being to keep the ship braced up, and after fifteen days the wind ceased and the brethren rowed until their strength gave out. St. Brendin comforted and admonished them. "Fear not, brethren," said he, "for God is in this a helper and seaman and captain; take in all your oars and the rudder; give out the sails. Let God do with his servants and with his ship as he pleases." How this recalls to us what Columbus had to do in admonishing and comforting his sailors!

After forty days had passed and all their supplies were exhausted, they approached a land exceedingly rocky and high. They found the bank high and steep like a wall. Streamlets descended from the summit of the island and flowed into the sea, but they could find no resting place. They were troubled with hunger and thirst. Cruising about this land for three days, they found an inlet capable for the passage of their ship. The reports of what they saw are marvelous and some incredible. They describe one single Ethiopian. They go from landing to landing as Columbus did later. They describe one landing which they afterward discovered to have been a fish named the jasconius, an early edition of the modern sea serpent, and not more strange than the modern story of the sea serpent. None of these accounts are more difficult to believe than the story of Jonah and the whale. They found a land fertile, wooded and full of flowers and birds. All these stories time does not permit to give you. While there is much that would throw doubt in modern days upon the story of the voyage, we leave these out and take only that which bears no evidence of imaginative work, we find sufficient in the manuscripts to justify the conclusion that if they did not discover America they caused its discovery. There are sentences of the manuscripts that came down through many hundred years and bore their fruit undoubtedly in sending others to follow up the story of the voyages of Brendin. Positive evidence of this by research may yet be brought to light; the negative evidence is all-convincing to an unprejudiced judgment.

Let me quote a few sentences from the original manuscript as they are:

"Ecce terra quamquaesisti per multum tempus. Ideo autem non potuisti statem eam invenire quod Deus tibi voluit ostendere diversa sua secreta in Oceana Magno. Reve tete itaque ad terram nativitatis tuae portans tecum, de fructibus istis et gemis quantum potest navicula capere.

"Ad propinquant enim dies peregrination is tuae ut domias cum partibus tuis. Post multorum vero curriculs temporum declarabitur ista terra successoribus vestris quando. Christianis advenelt pursecuteo pagenorum. Isted vero flumen quod videtis dividid hanc insulam sicut modo apparet vobis maturis fructibus ita omni temporepervanet sine ulla umbra noctis. Lux enim illius est Christus."

These words came to St. Brendin, standing on the bank of a river, found after days of journey on the land. They bring vividly to mind the early steps of the Christian fathers upon the Mississippi and St Lawrence in the days when our records are perfect and undisputed. If not records of spoken words, but imagination, 1,000 years ago, then surely they are the prophecy of inspiration.

These words made a profound impression, not only upon myself, but others. When I read their translation to an Irish friend the tears coursed down his manly cheeks, and he exclaimed: "Prophecy! prophecy! inspiration! God bless you, my dear general, for giving me the knowledge of the existence of such words in the St. Brendin manuscript."

Feeling doubtful of my rusty knowlenge of Latin, I presumed to trespass upon my most esteemed and honored friends, Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Corrigan, to ask the benefit of their scholarly knowledge and familiarity with Latin in criticising my rendition, which I give you as follows:

"Behold the land which you have sought for so long a time.

"The reason you saw it not sooner was that God desired to show you the secrets of the ocean.

"Return, therefore, to the land of thy nativity, carrying with you of the fruits and gems all that your ship will carry, for the days of your journey are near to a close, and you shall sleep with your fathers. But, after the lapse of many years, this land shall be made known to your descendants, when Christianity shall have overcome Pagan persecution. Now, this river which you see divides the land, and, as it now appears to you rich in fruits, so shall it always appear without any shadow of night, for its light is Christ."

I said nothing to either of these reverend and esteemed gentlemen of my purpose or my views, so their answers must be solely construed as an approval only of the translation of the particular sentence, and not of my conclusions. Of course, I was much gratified to find in the eminent Cardinal Gibbons' letter these words:

CARDINAL'S RESIDENCE.
BALTIMORE, March 31, 1892.

"*My Dear General:* I have read with interest the remarkable predictions found in the MSS. of St. Brendin (sometimes, I think, spelled St. Brendan)

"Your translation from the Latin is correct, including the sentence beginning with the words 'Ad propinquat enim,' etc., as is evident from the context.

"The language of the patriarch is almost identical. You had no grounds for making any apology for defects in Latin."

The remainder of the letter was of a purely personal character and irrelevant to this subject, and bore the honored signature,

"Yours faithfully in Christ,
J. CARDINAL GIBBONS."

If there was naught else in this manuscript, written nearly a thousand years ago, it would be all-sufficient for a good deal of faith and mere wonder today.

Archbishop Corrigan also kindly replied that my translation was the equivalent of a literal rendering, though more liberal, and enclosed an exact literal translation from his own pen; the differences suggested added strength to the words.

Time will not permit further extracts from the MSS. What you see copied by the photograph from the original requires forty two pages of closely typewritten foolscap to produce their correct and full translation.

It would seem to be fairly the province of your Gaelic Society, with an historical section, to exploit and add every possible information and evidence in connection with the matter.

Most writers on Columbus witness the guiding force and value of the traditional voyage of St. Brendin. Irving alluded to him.

The early Portuguese explorers had implicit faith in the existence of the El Dorado, the undiscovered country of St. Brendin, and kept looking for it. The strong evidence of this is that when the Crown of Portugal ceded to the Castilians right and dominion over the Canary Islands, the treaty included St. Brendin's land as a certain future discovery. The conditional cession of St. Brendin's land by the King of Portugal to a brother sovereign occurred before the transfer to Spain.

The claim of the Benedictine chronicler, Oswald Moosmuller, that there were European bishops of his order during the tenth century must be accepted either as evidence of their existence, as a matter of fact, or of full and absolute faith in St. Brendin's narrative; in the weakest point of view it strengthens the postulate I make, which is, "If he did not discover it he caused its discovery."

It must be remembered that in St. Brendin's day there were no printers, no newspapers, no type, no reporters. Had there existed the journalistic force and enterprise of the present day, St. Brendin's front door bell would have been pulled out of joint, and his patience would have been tried by the enterprise and pertinacity of the agents of the press in getting the full and true accounts, and, of course, the first, if possible, of the great voyage, and we would need only to refer to musty and worm-eaten files to get absolute and full particulars. Perhaps if all had been so that the world could then have known it all with exactness, and the story been transcribed and disseminated, instead of sixty odd millions of American freemen we should possibly have had today on this continent three or four hundred millions of people, another form of government and different results.

These are among the curious thoughts that such research suggests.

When one gets interested in a subject and a belief there are many suggestive thoughts and facts that we appropriate as circumstantial evidence to confirm our views. Apropos of this we find Chambers, in his "Cyclopedia of English Literature," says:

"The first unquestionably real author of distinction is St. Columbanus, a native of Ireland and a man of vigorous ability, who contributed greatly to the advance of Christianity in Western Europe and died in 615. He wrote religious treatises and Latin poetry. As yet no educated writer composed in his vernacular tongue; it was generally despised by the literary class, and Latin was held to be the only language fit for regular composition."

This gives us the reason for the existence of the Brendin MSS in the Latin tongue only, and suggests that his writings, or the words of the renowned Brendin, may have reached Columbus centuries after from Columbanus' high repute and similarity of name to implant the name of Brendin's land in Columbus' mind.

Perhaps some of your coadjutors and colleagues in Ireland will find among the treasures of the Dublin University, the British Museum or college libraries some song or verse of St. Columbanus in praise and recognition of the merits and work of his renowned predecessor, St. Brendin. Should the researches of the Gaelic Society find tangible evidence to warrant such a conclusion the twin statues of St. Brendin and St. Columbanus on either side of St. Patrick might well and appropriately adorn the handsome and graceful cathedral of St. Patrick, with its twin spires of architectural grace and beauty, on Fifth avenue.

The Hebrew of full faith in his race and its belief carries often a little scroll incased in gold and cherished and guarded always on his person. It is an amulet, a charm, a shibboleth for him. Were I of Irish descent I would carry such a scroll, in the shape of a golden shamrock set with emeralds, and on it should be inscribed St. Patrick's prophecy made on the hills of Munster, as he looked out over the Atlantic toward America, and the words from St. Brendin spoken, as I believe, on this land, and I would teach it and preach it to every one of my race and kindred.

Perhaps some one will say, if we claim priority of discovery of America for St. Brendin, that Pliny the Elder refers to two foreigners, Redskins, (undoubtedly American Indians), who were brought to Rome under Nero and exposed to the crowd as satyrs by the gladiators.

But you may claim for St Brendin, if not an original discoverer of America or if not a discoverer at all, that his high religious character and renown gave such power and force to his narrative to cause it to be cherished and repeated and handed down by his church for centuries, and that it planted the seed which culminated in Liet Erickson's voyage; and again, when the discovery had been lost, bore fruit in Columbus' brain to fulfill the prophecy of the return of Brendin's descendants and brought to Columbus through the interest created in his church and his religion by St Brendin and his followers the means and the wherewithal to prosecute his successful voyage. The existing evidence fully warrants this. I may speak in closing of St. Brendin himself, so renowned was his character as a man of piety influence and greatness in his day, that no complete and thorough compilation of biographical work, since such were written, that attempts record of the world's great characters, fails to mention him with honor.

He was born in the year 484, in Tralee, county Kerry, and died in his 94th year at Clonfert, county Galway, in the year 577.

Tralee, as you know, is situated on the Lee, an inlet of the Shannon, one of the largest rivers in the British Isles. In the same county are other handsome sheets of water, as Dingle Bay, Valentia Bay and the far-famed Lakes of Killarney, with their enchanting surroundings of Muckross Abbey, Ross Castle, McGillicuddy's Reeks and the picturesque demesne of Kenmare, manorial abode of the Earl of Castlerosse. Near Cahirciveen, in county Kerry, was born the greatest Irishman of modern times—Daniel O'Connell; while at Valencia was laid the Atlantic cable by our fellow-citizen, Cyrus W. Field, in 1857.

From childhood St. Brendin inhaled the ocean breeze and was familiar with the briny element of the navigator.

And thus, where'er I went, all things to me
Assumed the one deep color of my mind;
Great nature's prayer rose from the murmuring sea,
And sinful man sighed in the wintry wind.

In view of St. Patrick's prophecy, fulfilled by St. Brendin's voyage, it is a fact pregnant with significance that the Atlantic cable was laid in sight of Mount Brendan, which stands out prominently on the southwestern coast of Ireland at an elevation of more than three thousand feet. It strikes the view of all who pass Ireland en route for Liverpool. There is another mountain in the interior of Ireland of the same name. Tradition assigns both as places of seclusion, whither the great Abbot was wont to retire for religious contemplation.

At the foot of this mountain retreat lies Brendin Bay, whence he sailed for this Western Continent. During seven years St. Brendin navigated the Atlantic Ocean in his first voyage, and is, next to St. Peter, associated most closely in religious thought with men of seafaring life. The Irish Abbot is pre-eminently the mariner saint of the calendar, wherein his memory is honored on May 10. The sailor-saint is also known as St. Brendan the Elder, in contradistinction to another Brendan in Irish history known as Abbot of Birr.

Throughout Europe, during the middle ages, St. Brendin's navigation was a most popular theme in the literature of the church. It has inspired the music of the poet, not less than the stylus of the scribe, and manuscript narratives of the daring exploration, quite distinct from those of which I have spoken, are extant in German, Italian, Portuguese and other European tongues.

Beautiful poems on "The Sailor Saint" abound in the modern languages. Those of Mr. McCarthy and Miss Donnelly are especially noteworthy in our own language, while "The Prayer of St. Brendin" and "St. Brendin and the Strife Sower" are still more popular among admirers of the poesy of D'Arcy McGee. One stanza of McGee's historic verification says:

Mo Brendin, Saint of Sailors, list to me,
And give thy benediction to our bark,
For still, they say, thou savest souls at sea,
And lightest signal fires in tempests dark.

Thou sought'st the Promised Land far in the west,
Earthing the sun, chasing Hesperian on.
But we in our own Ireland had been blest,
Nor ever sighed for land beyond the sun.

The entire history of Norwegian exploration in the twelfth century presupposes the Brendinian voyage ages in advance of it. The Norsemen, on reaching Iceland and Greenland, found relics, utensils and sundry vestiges of early Irish settlers in that region. In pushing farther westward they confessedly followed the beaten track of the Irish explorers. It is similar with the Portuguese in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Prince Henry, the navigator, fitted out an expedition to sail in pursuit of the Island of St. Brendin.

But the Irish Abbot is scarcely less celebrated for his works on land than by his venturesome exploits on the more treacherous element. He traveled in Wales and Britain, where he founded missions for peoples converted by himself to the Christian faith. He built in Britain the monastery of Ailleach, and a church in a place called Heth, The former place is the electum of the Romans of the olden time and at St. Malo of our own day—the port of departure and return 1,000 years later of Jacques Cartier, the founder of Montreal.

His most famous foundation, however, is the renowned school of Clonfert in the county Galway, Ireland. Pilgrim students to the number of 3,000 flocked to that seat of learning from various nations in those days of blood and carnage when Europe lay prostrate beneath the Hun, the Vandal and the Goth. To this period Aubrey DeVere refers in describing Ireland as

Lamp of the North when all the world was Night.

In this sequestered retreat he also built a convent for his sister, whereat his eventful life was brought to a peaceful close.

Clonfert is dear to the Irish. Its beauties have been desolated by the crushing vicissitudes of war. Its literary renown is known only on the page of history, while its halls of study are a shapeless mass of earth and stone.

But though dark the sad page of its record has been,
And deep the red stains that have dyed it,
Affection redindled shall turn from the scene
And the mantle of charity hide it.

E'en this beautiful ruin, though shattered and lone
Where the hand of decay has swept o'er it,
Shall revive in the splendors of days that are gone
And the prayers of its martyrs restore it.

And Clonfert is dear to Irish-Americans, too. It may be yet to all Americans. Our first discoverer was Clonfert's bishop. The see of Clonfert will doubtless remain during future ages as a shrine of pilgrimage to numberless tourists, for it holds in its midst an honored grave where rests the hallowed dust of the patriarchal navigator, who first designated this hemisphere as a paradise of loveliness, to give happy homes and altars free to the myriad outcasts of the human family.

May the name and fame of St. Brendin never die.—*New York Commercial-Advertiser.*

A Choice List of Summer Resorts.

In the Lake regions of Wisconsin, Northern Michigan, Minnesota, Iowa and the two Dakotas, there are hundreds of charming localities pre-eminently fitted for summer homes. Among the following selected list are names familiar to many of our readers as the perfection of Northern summer resorts. Nearly all of the Wisconsin points of interest are within a short distance from Chicago or Milwaukee, and none of them are so far away from the "busy marts of civilization" that they cannot be reached in a few hours of travel, by frequent trains, over the finest roads in the northwest—the Chicago, Milwaukee & St Paul Railway, and Milwaukee & Northern Railroad: Oconomowoc, Minocqua, Waukesha, Palmyra, Tomahawk Lakes, Lakeside Kilbourn City (Dells of the Wisconsin), Beaver Dam, Madison, Delavan, Sparta, Pewaukee, Wausaukee, and Elkhart Lake, Wis.; Clear Lake, Lakes Okoboji and Spirit Lake, Ia.; Marquette, Ontonagon and Mackinaw, Mich.; Frontenac, Lake Minnetonka, Ortonville, Prior Lake and White Bear Lake, Minn.; Lake Madison and Big Stone Lake, S. Dakota.

For detailed information, apply to any coupon ticket agent, or send stamp for a free illustrated tourist folder, to GEORGE H. HEAFFORD, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

IRISH NEWS.

Operations have been begun at the north pier of Arklow Harbor. These will be the means of giving some much-needed employment.

The Rev. M. B. Curry, C.C., announced at the last meeting of the Nenagh Federation that there was great probability of a settlement of the dispute on the Ballintotty estate.

The dispute on the Tottenham estate between the owner and his tenantry, which has existed since 1886, when the plan of campaign was adopted, has been closed, the tenants being reinstated by the landlord.

The Lismore town commissioners have passed a resolution requesting the government to include the Christian Brothers in the Education bill. The Claremorris board of guardians has passed a similar resolution.

On Easter Sunday evening a number of gentlemen representing the parishioners of Dromore, waited on Rev. Father McEvoy, C. C., at his residence, Ballela, and presented him with a beautifully illuminated address and a purse of sovereigns.

The Royal Dublin Society's Spring Cattle, Sheep and Swine Show was opened recently on the Society's premises, Ballsbridge. It does not quite equal last year's show in the number of exhibits, mainly owing to the prevalence of foot and-mouth disease in many parts of England.

The Dublin *Gazette* announces that his excellency the lord lieutenant, has been pleased to appoint the Most Reverend Archbishop William J. Walsh, D. D., to be a member of the Intermediate Education board for Ireland in the room of the Most Reverend Bishop Egan, D. D., deceased.

At a meeting of the Westport board of guardians a short time since, a resolution was passed tendering most sincere thanks to Mr. William O'Brien, M. P., for his great promptitude in calling the attention of the house of commons to the injury done to local fisheries by steam trawlers in the waters off that coast, and also thanking him for his able exposé of the persecution to which the unfortunate famine-stricken Clare Islanders have been subjected.

A project has been set on foot for the opening up of the linen weaving industry in Kilkenny. A house has been erected by Most Rev. Dr. Brownrigg, bishop of Ossory, for the purpose of carrying on the business, and already a large number of hands are employed. The business is carried on under a pupil of Mrs. Ernest Hart's training in the lace department, and a competent manager from Messrs. Ewart's, of Belfast, has been placed in charge of the home.

Mr. William O'Brien, M.P., writing to the secretary of a meeting held recently in Mitchelstown in support of the claims of the Christian Brothers to recognition in the Education bill, says if the Irish people and their representatives make their views heard on the question during the recess, he hopes that Mr. Jackson may be yet driven from his obstinate *non possumus*. Acknowledgment of resolution passed by the meeting were also received from the superior-general of the Christian Brothers and the chief secretary.

At the last weekly meeting of the committee of the Irish Cattle Traders' and Stockowners' Association the representatives of the association who went to London for the purpose of opposing the maximum railway rates proposed by the board of trade for the acceptance of parliament, reported that they had several conferences with the representatives of Irish railways, with the result that an arrangement was arrived at, the effect of which is to reduce the proposed rates by one penny per truck per mile, and to lessen by a shilling per truck the proposed loading and unloading charge.

The congested districts board held a meeting recently, at which the chief secretary was present. The board reviewed their operations since the passing of the act, and the official report, which appears in another column, shows with what energy and success the Rev. Mr. Green, one of the members, has exerted himself in promoting the West Coast fisheries. The results of the experimental operations undertaken have far exceeded the hopes of the board, nearly 20,000 mackerel of large size having been caught in four days and despatched by special train for London, where they realized from 42s to 68s per 100. This spring mackerel fishing will last till the end of June. The board have also established a station for curing cod and ling on Inisboffin Island, have appointed a Norwegian curer to teach the fishermen, and have made arrangements for profitable marketing of the fish, which is being caught in large quantities.—*Irish Catholic.*

JOHN NAGHTEN & CO.

Among the tried and trusted fire insurance firms of this city none rank higher than the popular house of John Naghten & Co., agents for the Virginia Fire and Marine Insurance Company, of Richmond, Va., at No. 181 LaSalle street. During the long and honorable career of the Naghten firm, it has given perfect satisfaction to all with whom it has had dealings, and its business has continued to expand in a manner profitable to itself and beneficial to the public. Those who desire to secure reliable insurance can do no better than to deal with John Naghten & Co.

The Great Northwest.

The steady settlement of lands in Montana and Washington, the substantial growth of their cities, and the constant increase of their railway mileage, have rendered these states a centre of interest for business men, capitalists and settlers. The best explanation of this growth is found in a study of the capabilities and resources of the states, which are fully set forth in three folders entitled "Golden Montana," "Eastern Washington," and "Western Washington," just issued by the Northern Pacific Railroad. District Passenger Agents of Northern Pacific Railroad will take pleasure in supplying Montana and Washington folders above referred to; also, maps, time-cards and any special information desired; or application can be made to CHAS. S. FEE, G. P. & T. A., N. P. R. R., St. Paul Minn.

1779. 1892.

Ireland's Tom Moore!

THE 113th ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTH OF

IRELAND'S IMMORTAL BARD,

"The Poet of All Circles and the Idol of His Own," Will be Appropriately Celebrated at

Central Music Hall,

FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 27, 1892,

AT 8 O'CLOCK.

PROGRAMME:

1. Opening Address by his Grace, the Most Rev. Archbishop Feehan, who will preside.
2. Quartette, "The Minstrel Boy".....Moore
   Miss Marcella Reilly, Miss Alice Coffey, Mr. Wm. Barron, Mr. Geo. Callahan.
3. Harp Solo, "The Last Rose of Summer".....Moore
   Mrs. Clara Murray.
4. Bass Solo, "Let Erin Remember the Days of Old".....Moore
   Mr. George Callahan.
5. Soprano Solo, "The Harp That Once Through Tara's Hall".....Moore
   Miss Marcella Reilly.
6. Tenor Solo, "The Valley Lay Smiling Before Me".....Moore
   Mr. Willam Barron.
7. Contralto Solo. "The Meeting of the Waters".....Moore
   Miss Alice Coffey.
8. Address, "The Poets and Poetry of Ireland".....
   John F. Finerty.
9. Organ Solo, Fantasie on Moore's Melodies.....
   Mr. Wm. Middelschulte.
10. Contralto Solo, "The Wearing of the Green," By Request.....Boucicault
    Miss Kate Coffey.
11. Recitation, "Dawn On the Irish Coast".....John Locke
    Mrs. A. D. Spence.
12. Quartette, "Erin the Tear and the Smile in Thine Eye".....Moore

PRICES OF ADMISSION.

Reserved Seats, Parquet and Parquet Circle, 75 cents. Dress Circle, 50 cents. Balcony, 25 cents. Boxes—First Floor, $5.00. Dress Circle, $4.00. Balcony, $3.00.
The Box Office at Central Music Hall will be open for the sale of Reserved Seats one week prior to the entertainment.

B. CURTIS, Chairman Committee of Arrangements. W. C. McCLURE, Sec'y.

TOMMY'S SCHOOL.

"Geography's a nuisance, and arithmetic's a bore!"
Said Tommy, with a frown upon his face.
"I hate the sight of grammars, and my Latin makes me roar;
It's always sure to get me in disgrace.
When I'm a man," he added, as he threw his school-books down,
"I'll have a school that boys will think is fine!
They need not know an adjective or adverb from a noun,
Nor whether Cæsar bridged the Po or Rhine.

"I don't care if they think George the Third was King of Spain,
When those old fogies lived so long ago,
Or if they all should answer that the Volga is in Maine,
What difference would it make, I'd like to know?
But instead of *useless* things, I'll teach 'em how to coast and skate;
They all shall learn to row and sail a boat,
And how to fire a pistol and shoot a rifle straight,
And how to swim, and how to dive and float.

"We'll play at tennis and at cricket all the livelong day;
And then there's polo, and—oh, yes, football;
And baseball they shall every single one learn how to play,
For that's the most important thing of all.
I tell you," finished Thomas, "I'll have one of just that kind;
Then all the boys, you see, will want to go.
They will not run away and say my school's an 'awful grind,'
Or call the lessons dull and hard, I know."

—*Gertrude Morton, in May St Nicholas.*

Something Interesting to Every Family

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

BOGUS "NEWS."

What the Lottery Will Do and Will Not Do.

The news fakers having tired of setting up imaginary lottery schemes in Nicaragua, changed their field of operation. The following was recently sent over the country, among other papers the Brooklyn *Standard-Union* giving it publication:

HONDURAS REJECTS THE LOTTERY.

NEW ORLEANS, March 8.—The *Picayune's* City of Mexico special says: Honduras has refused concessions to The Louisiana State Lottery. General Jesus Tolego died here this morning. Forty-seven Mexican generals have died since February 1.

On being shown the above, President Paul Conrad, somewhat indignantly and very emphatically declared: "It is not true that the Louisiana State Lottery Company has made application to Honduras, or to *any other* foreign country, for lottery privileges, nor has any such overture been made on behalf of this company, its shareholders or managers.

"We shall continue to conduct our business here until the present charter of The Louisiana State Lottery Company expires in 1895. Simply that and nothing more.

"Postmaster Eaton's statement in the *Globe-Democrat*, that this company accepts the situation, as defined by the courts, in good faith, is absolutely correct.—*New Orleans (La) City Item, March 18.*

Good Farm Land For Sale.

At low prices, near Stuart, in southwestern Iowa. Large Irish Catholic population, and resident priest, Rev. Father Foley. Stuart is forty miles west of Des Moines, on the C., R. I. & P. R. R., and has a population of about 3,000 people. We have also a railroad division station, round house and machine shops, employing nearly 400 men. Good mechanics can generally find steady employment at fair wages. We would like to have more of our people come here. Improved farms sell at from $20 to $35 per acre. For information call on or address

S. MONAHAN, Stuart, Ia.

Two Daily Trains to Montana and Pacific Coast.

On and after April 3 the Northern Pacific railroad will run two daily trains to Helena, Butte, Spokane, Tacoma, Seattle and Portland, leaving St. Paul at 9 a. m. and 4:15 p. m., respectively, with complete equipment of Pullman first-class sleepers, tourist sleeping cars, free colonist sleepers, day coaches and dining cars.

Through Pullman and tourist sleeping cars will leave Chicago 10:45 p. m. daily, via Wisconsin Central line, for Montana and the Pacific Northwest. First-class vestibule sleeper will leave Chicago 6 p. m. daily, via C., M. & St. P. Ry. for Butte, Spokane, Tacoma and Portland.

Montana, Eastern and Western Washington Folders, "Wonderland" Book, Sportsmen's Guide, Yellowstone Park, Broadwater, Hot Springs and Alaska Folders for the season of 1892, are now out of press. Any of these publications will be mailed free on application to general or district passenger agents, Northern Pacific railroad, or to Chas. S. Fee, G. P. & T. A., N. P. R. R., St Paul, Minn.

THE OLD RED SLEIGH.

I'll own the new one pretty,
With its rods and varnish bright,
With its bells that gayly jingle
And its furry robes of white;
Of the latest style and finish
Fit to hold a royal guest;
Still, it seems to my poor wisdom
That the old red sleigh is best.

When a boy, I well remember,
Father piled us children on
For a ride down to the village—
Mary, Kate, myself and John.
How the winter winds came sweeping
'Round us from the treeless west!
But 'twas warm there all together,
For the old red sleigh is best.

When I was a youth of twenty,
Brother John was quite a lad;
How we gathered in the neighbors,
And what glorious times we had!
Never was there one too many,
But it always stood the test,
Though it overflowed with young folks;
Yes, that old red sleigh is best.

Then I married, and your mother
Rode beside me all the way,
As we went for merry dinners
Many a gladsome holiday.
And her little snowy fingers,
In my great, strong hand caressed,
Seemed to always mutely tell me
That the old red sleigh was best.

And again, that long, sad winter,
Just before she went from me
To her home among the angels,
We were riding out, we three.
And I seem to see her sitting
With you there upon her breast,
In my heart I hold the picture;
And the old red sleigh is best.
—Lucius Mitchell in New York Ledger.

AT MRS. VAN TROMP'S.

The Van Tromp mansion was brilliantly illuminated.

Carriage after carriage rolled up to the awning that roofed the crossing from the curbstone to the marble steps of the stately old building, and crowds of curious idlers defied the drizzling rain to catch a fleeting glimpse of the guests as they hurried shiveringly into the house.

It goes without saying that a gathering where Carrolls and Cadwalladers were to dance with Winthrops, Livingstons and Biddles would be a thoroughly "swell" and exclusive affair.

Old Ben stood guard at the entrance doors.

He had cradled the grandfather of the present master of the house and knew the social creme de la creme, not only from long association in the capacity of butler of the Van Tromps, but by instinct almost.

Ben was making his profoundest obeisance to a wrinkled old dowager, who, as a little girl, had listened to his fables, when a faultlessly appointed equipage drove up to the curb with clanking chains.

The liveried servant vaulted from the coach box and opened the carriage door with a bow of the most approved form.

A very pretty blond head, a handsome, rosy face, a matchless bust, and the balance of an elegantly attired figure, not to forget the tiniest tiptoes of a satin slippered pair of feet, emerged. Her bearing was aristocratic, yet not haughty, her dress in admirable taste and the diamonds of that thoroughly proper size, color and arrangement characteristic of old family jewels.

Altogether she made an appearance that charmed and delighted the onlookers, including old Ben.

However, despite years of proximity to well bred people, the colored cerberus could not repress the low exclamation, "Fo' de lan sake," when he failed to see any one else leave the carriage after her.

The doors were opened and the way to the cloakroom was shown to the newcomer.

Her wraps being disposed of she ascended the five or six steps that led to the reception room.

Mrs. Van Tromp had not quite finished her effusive greeting of the great granddaughter of a colonial governor when she saw the young lady. How was it that she did not know the handsome guest?

She vainly strove to recollect the name while extending her hands to the newcomer, who tremblingly placed her own therein, saying, with a faltering voice:

"Mrs. De Ryder sends through me her most sincere regrets at her inability to enjoy your hospitality tonight."

"Oh, I am very, very sorry she could not come, but of course I am more than delighted to entertain her charming representative," eagerly responded the hostess, as she thought of the dowager lady of the Baltimore De Ryders.

Once within the hallowed abode of exclusiveness the young lady withdrew to a comparatively dark corner and surveyed the kings and queens of society and their surroundings with an odd mingling of wonderment, awe and curiosity, and with the critical eye of one bent upon impressing even the smallest details upon the memory.

"Red satin hangings, embroidered with the Van Tromp coat of arms in gold and silver, festoons of marechal niel roses entwined with maidenhair ferns and studded with incandescent lights in colored globes," she murmured to herself.

"Furniture in white and silver"—Just then the band began to play, and she continued, "music by about twelve string instruments, and oh, how delicious!" she added, as she half unconsciously tapped the time of the tune with her slipper.

"I have come for my waltz, Miss Vandercook," said a gentleman to a young lady who had been sitting beside her, and the two walked away and were soon lost among the dancers.

"Vandercook, Miss Vandercook," whispered the curious young woman. "I must remember that name," and she told off the letters on her fingers. She did the same with every name she heard mentioned thereafter.

"Do you not dance at all?" she suddenly heard herself asked, and turning toward the speaker she recognized the host. Ere she had time to reply, he added, "But I beg your pardon for one moment," as he started to walk toward a group of young men who were chatting in a window alcove.

Presently he returned with a tall, blond gentleman, whom he introduced as "My friend and old college chum, Mr. Jack Rush," and turning to the athletic young man he said, "A friend of the De Ryders."

Five minutes later the new acquaintances were doing full justice to the saltatorial inspiration created by Strauss' breezy music.

After the dance they sat down together and talked. Her evident aversion toward discussing conventional society topics amused him, and the naive and sensible way in which she expressed her views on other subjects pleased him immensely.

And she was equally delighted with the frank, manly ways of Mr. Rush, which contrasted very agreeably with the popular idea that never conceives the combination of brains and society men.

They had already danced two waltzes, a mazourka, a contradance and a Newport together, and as the midnight hour approached Mr. Van Tromp's friend heard himself slyly twitted by his acquaintances whenever an opportunity offered itself.

In fact, not only the sharp nosed and sharp eyed duennas, but even his male friends who, as a rule, are always the last to perceive that something "is up," noticed that he had only once left the side of the handsome young lady since their introduction, and then he had only gone to get her some sherbet during an interval between two numbers of the programme.

They were dancing a schottische and as Mr. Rush looked proudly down upon his partner he noticed the glow of pleasure and excitement upon her pretty cheeks and the glitter of happiness in her large gray eyes, and he admitted to himself that he had never seen so thoroughly ravishing a face.

Suddenly she stopped in the midst of the dance.

The flush left her face and gave way to an expression of alarm.

The somber sound of a nearby church tower clock rose above the gay music in twelve slowly vibrating strokes.

"Are you ill?" asked Mr. Rush solicitously, after having brought his nearly fainting partner to a seat. "Let me bring you some water."

"No—no thank you," she whispered; "do not trouble yourself; I was only frightened about its being so late. Somehow I forgot all about"— She did not finish her sentence, but arose abruptly and turned in the direction of the stairway.

"Permit me at least to have your carriage brought and let me get your wraps," and he started to execute his purpose.

She stopped him with a gesture and said: "You are really very, very thoughtful, but I think, that is—I will have to—er—it will do me good to walk," and she blushed and looked confused.

Jack Rush gazed at her in utter amazement; the idea of a young lady of a social standing that admitted her to the ultra exclusive Van Trompball, walking home after midnight, and alone, was beyond his understanding.

However he was too well bred to show surprise and so he simply said, "Then I must insist upon your permitting me at least to see you safely home."

With that he offered her his arm and brought her into the entrance hall, where he waited for her return from the cloakroom.

There were four distinctly new wrinkles of surprise in old Ben's forehead when he saw the two pass out of the hall and actually walk, think of it, w-a-l-k, up street.

It had stopped raining and the clear cold night air had covered the pavements with an icy coating.

They walked very close to each other, and Mr. Rush pressed the arm of his companion quite hard in order to keep her from slipping.

At a near corner they boarded a horse car.

What puzzed the young man was that ever since they had left the house the lady had met all his attempts at conversation with a monosyllabic reticence that bespoke a preoccupied mind.

Presently she asked, "By the way, who was the elderly lady in yellow brocade who had brought her two daughters to the ball?"

"Do you mean Mrs. Vandercook, of Annapolis?"

"Yes, that is the name; dear me, I think I have really forgotten nearly all the names," she sighed. "What shall I do? What shall I do?"

He looked more puzzled than ever, but as he saw the evident distress of the young lady he inquired with a tender, sympathetic touch in his voice, "Why don't you tell me what is troubling you; perhaps I might be of service to you?"

For a moment she gazed into his frank face which echoed her own anxiety, and then turning her eyes toward the floor of the car she said hesitatingly, "I would be ever so much pleased to have you get me the names of all the people who were at the ball; but mind you every one of them."

"Is that all you wanted?" he asked, and when she nodded assent he broke into a loud laugh, in which somehow or other she had to join. There was such an honest ring to it.

"Why, my dear young lady, I assure you that tomorrow morning's papers will print a full list of the names together with a description of the entire affair, not to forget the dresses worn by the ladies."

"Oh, but not this one," rejoined his companion, "the Van Tromps are so exceedingly careful not to let the newspapers know anything about their entertainments."

"Don't you worry; these newspaper reporters manage to get in everywhere, you know; though how they do it is often a mystery to me."

She only smiled feebly and motioned to the driver to stop.

Mr. Rush left the car with her. After walking some fifty yards up a side street she halted before a dimly lit stairway.

There was a lot of yellow paper scattered about, such as telegraphic dispatches are written upon.

Despite an offhand effort on her part to give him his conge at the foot of the stairs by effusively thanking him for the kindly escort, he insisted upon ascending with her.

The adventure had become so complicated that he was bound to "see it out."

After having climbed three flights of stairs the young lady stopped before a door that bore the inscription, "City Editorial Rooms."

Then she looked in a shamefaced manner from Mr. Rush to the door and from the door to Mr. Rush.

But he never said a word.

She turned the knob and entered. The room was filled with the tobacco smoke of reporters who had just turned in their copy.

In the farther end of the room stood the desk of the local editor of The Daily Press-Telegraph.

He wheeled around on his chair as the door opened, and seeing the young lady he exclaimed: "Hello, there you are Miss C. Did you get in all right? Oh, you did? Well, you haven't very much time to get your story written, and he smiled in a thoroughly pleased manner.

Then catching sight of the gentleman he arose with alacrity and extended his hand with a "How do you do, Jack; glad to see you; come and sit down a minute. I will talk to you as soon as I have sent this copy up stairs. Take a paper. Haven't seen you since college time," and turning to his desk he continued to make broad marks with a blue pencil across the reporters' copy.

Mr. Rush was bewildered. What did it all mean? Was the delicious young creature who sat there in gorgeous finery at an ink stained desk, writing away for dear life, really the same young lady whom he had met in the exclusive society of the Van Tromps?

While waiting for the time when the city editor would give him the key to the puzzle he made a list of the guests who had been at the ball, for which the young lady rewarded him with a gracious though a trifle shamefaced smile.

"You see, my dear boy," at last said the editor in a half whisper, "we work it beautifully. We had to get something about the Van Tromp affair, but even our keenest reporters were balked in any attempt to secure particulars beforehand. There was still less likelihood of our getting the news at the ball itself unless we employed desperate means.

"Miss C. has been writing some stories for us occasionally, and of course she objected very strenuously at first to appear under false colors until the managing editor promised her a regular appointment on the paper, which she needs badly enough, poor girl. She is taking care of a crippled brother and of her mother also. They had once been in better circumstances. But that is neither here nor there. Isn't it beautiful! Hired dress, diamonds, carriage, everything. How grandly we will scoop our esteemed contemporaries?" and he laughed boisterously.

Mr. Rush joined in the laugh.

About four months later the young lady reporter was playing with a sparkling diamond ring that she [illegible] hand. Mr. Rush sat by her side and nobody was near to interrupt their little tete-a-tete.

Mr. Rush was very thoughtful.

"What is ailing you, Jack—Mr. Rush?" came from her.

She had to repeat the question after a wait of a minute or so.

"I will ask you just one question," he replied, "if you promise not to take it amiss."

Of course the promise was given.

"How is it that you posed as a friend of the De Ryders when you came to the Van Tromp ball?"

The young lady burst into a rippling laugh.

"You dear old goose," she said at last, when she succeeded in suppressing her mirth, "there is a nice old woman going the rounds of the newspaper offices at night. She sells apples, figs, candy—anything you want. Her name is Mrs. De Ryder, and she never dreamed that anyone else bore that name but herself. You would not blame me for the little stratagem of using her name, especially as it was perfectly true that she 'sincerely regretted her inability to enjoy the hospitality of Mrs. Van Trump,' would you?"—Max De Lipman in Epoch.

A Remarkable Coincidence.

Some time ago a lady in London wished to write to a friend in America whose address she did not know. The only means she had of procuring the address was to write to a mutual friend, who also lived in America. This she accordingly did, and the letter was duly dispatched. The ship which carried the letter was wrecked and the mails were for a time lost. They were eventually recovered and brought back to England, the letters, now much damaged by sea water, being returned through the dead letter office to the senders. The letter in question was sent back to the lady, who naturally examined it minutely.

To her surprise she found that another letter had become closely stuck to it. Holding up the twofold missive to the light, she deciphered the address on the one which was stuck to her own. It was a letter addressed to the friend to whom she had wished to write, and to discover whose whereabouts her own letter had been dispatched. Her letter thus literally brought back its own answer.—Leeds (Eng.) Mercury.

An Anticipated Pleasure.

A congressman of Mississippi, after making a speech in opposition to the expensive funerals of congressmen, says he received a letter from a constituent saying: "When you die, John, we won't ask congress to pay the expense of your funeral. You've got enough friends down here, John, to give you a respectable burial, and we would take pleasure in doing it."—Charleston News and Courier.

Eggs Are Handled Several Times.

Eggs are gathered by hucksters, who in turn sell them to what the dealers refer to as the shippers, by whom they are sent to New York. After the eggs get here they are again handled by the commission merchants, and finally they reach the grocer, who disposes of them to the consumers.—New York Evening Sun.

SALARY INSURANCE.

IS IT A BUSINESS THAT CAN BE CARRIED ON PROFITABLY?

A Subject That Is Attracting a Good Deal of Attention in Many of the Large Cities—Will It Benefit the Company More Than It Does the Employee?

The insurance business has made such rapid progress during recent years that companies have been started for the purpose of writing risks on almost everything under the sun. If you own a house and want protection against fire, or a steam engine and want protection against explosion, or a plate glass window and want protection against the small boy who throws stones, you have only to go to one of a number of companies, pay your premium and carry away your policy.

The business of writing these risks has been carried on so long that it has passed the experimental stage. The law of average is maintained, and the companies carrying such lines, as a general thing, annually report good profits. So extensive has the insurance field become that it was almost impossible to conceive anything further for the companies to guarantee, unless it was health and happiness. Perhaps the very latest thing in insurance may be a step in that direction. Salary insurance is something entirely new, and is being extensively advertised.

If it is possible to write such insurance on reasonable terms, which will protect the employee and enable the company doing this business to meet its contracts, it should become highly valuable to working people. If, on the other hand, it is necessary to impose such conditions upon the insured as will leave numerous loopholes, by which the payment of policies may be avoided, then this form of insurance becomes valueless to any person, except those who issue the policy. The stipulations under which you may obtain salary insurance are briefly recited below. It is left to the reader's judgment to decide whether it would pay him to have his salary guaranteed under such conditions.

The applicant for a policy must give a complete history of himself, whether married or single, size of his family, salary per annum, how long in service of employer, where employed for ten years previous to making application, whether he has chronic disease, and how much time he has lost by illness during the preceding twelve months.

The premium is fifteen dollars per annum where the salary is less than $1,500 and 1 per cent. of the salary where it is equal to or in excess of that sum. The policy covers a period of twelve months and guarantees the insured his salary for six months after his discharge. It is claimed that the policy is equivalent to a contract with an employer that he will not discharge the employee except for cause, without giving six months' notice.

The policy provides that dismissal shall not be caused by or through any willful act or negligence of the assured. The assured is compelled to give immediate notice of dismissal, and must make every effort to obtain employment; failing in this the policy becomes void. When the assured has again secured employment he must notify the company, and he will be furnished with blanks upon which to make proof of the claim, covering the time he was unemployed. If he is unable to secure employment during six months he must notify the company and furnish proofs of loss.

Any question as to the liability of the company may be referred to a board of three arbitrators, one to be selected by the company, one by the assured, and these two arbitrators will select a third. The decision of two of these arbitrators shall be binding. The policy further provides that no suit shall be brought until the expiration of three months from the day of filing proofs of loss with the company, "nor shall such suit be brought at all unless the same is commenced within six months from the time the right of action accrues, any statute of limitation to the contrary notwithstanding." The company reserves the right to cancel the policy at any time by refunding a pro rata portion of the premium.

It becomes an interesting question as to what constitutes a willful act or negligence. It is the experience of thousands of workmen in New York that after they have been employed in one establishment for years perhaps a new foreman or superintendent is introduced and the employee is discharged. He has done his work in a manner satisfactory to his old employer, but the new one says he is incompetent. This is cited as an illustration of many cases, where more than the intelligence of a Philadelphia lawyer would be needed to decide whether the company had good and sufficient grounds for avoiding payment of the policy.

President William M. Richards, of the Fidelity and Casualty company, when asked his opinion regarding salary insurance, said: "I do not like to criticise the methods of other companies, which may compete with us even indirectly, but I will say that this sort of insurance must at present be regarded largely in the nature of an experiment. You know very well that we will insure anything that, under the law of average, holds out a hope of return, but we would not write salary insurance. Judging from the conditions which the policy impose, I should say that the company is safe enough, but I cannot see where much benefit can accrue to the employee. Almost without exception, the class of employees who could avail themselves of this class of insurance have contracts with their employers and thus have no need for such protection."—New York News.

Punctuation Very Old.

Punctuation was known and practiced to some extent by the ancients. The originator of the modern system was Aristophanes, a grammarian of Alexandria, Egypt.—Philadelphia Press.

Doubled on the Dogs.

On the elevated train the writer was attracted by the beauty of a young girl who was going somewhere or other alone. Opposite her sat a fat man and a thin man, and by her sat a medium sized man.

The fat man looked over his paper at the curve of her shoulders. The thin man looked over his at the creamy roundness of her chin. The medium man glanced sideways at her shell pink ear and from there to her dainty hand. And she gazed abstractedly.

The three men would each pretend to read a paragraph and then proceed to take another look. The girl became conscious of the arrangement after awhile and began to get nervous. Men away down at the ends of the car were beginning to stand on their toes to examine her loveliness. The girl looked as if she wanted to shrink away. She reminded one of a hunted fawn with a lot of dogs ranged around her ready to fasten their teeth in her. At Chatham square the guard called:

"Change for Fulton, Wall and South ferries!"

The girl arose and moved for the door. The fat man, the thin man, the medium man and several other men started also.

When the train stopped the girl turned back and re-entered the train.

The fat man, the thin man, the medium man and the several others stood on the platform and looked blank.—New York Recorder.

The Congressional Vernacular.

An old Indian fighter on one occasion was called on to make a statement concerning a battle to a congressional committee, and he was requested to couch it in language intelligible to the statesmen instead of using the vernacular of the plains.

"Will you be kind enough," said the chairman, "to give us an account of this fight?"

"Course; that's what I'm here for," he responded. "You see, our company of a hundred men set in a game with about that many Injuns, and it was our deal, fer we had slipped up on 'em. They stood pat, right from the start, and we filled and went in at 'em from behind the rocks on a straight bluff, fer we didn't know how many there wuz, and they met us in the open and kivered our ante, fer they thought they had us. It was hot in thar, shore, and both sides was shootin and slashin and yellin when night settled down and ended the game."

"What was the condition of the contestants at the close?" asked the chairman.

"That's hard tellin," was the frank reply. "All I know is, after both sides pulled out thar was a pile of reds and a pile of whites on the flat, an nobody on neither side had sand enough in his craw to show up and claim 'em."

The members of the committee afterward stated that more lucid and intelligible testimony had never been produced before them.—Detroit Free Press.

Curious Coronation Ceremonies.

When a chief is about to be crowned king paramount of the Swazi nation, a warrior (called an impi) is sent out to hunt for a lion, a tiger, a buffalo and a large snake. This because part of the ceremony at the coronation consists of the king eating portions of the hearts of the three animals, the oil of the snake only being used. The medicine man rubs the oil on the breast, temples and between the shoulders of the king—this to prevent him being bewitched. The animal hearts are supposed to act on the liver and make his royal majesty brave indeed. During the ceremony the king sits upon the skull of the buffalo, which has been placed upon the ground in the heart of the village.

The exercises last three days. On the first he is clothed only in the skin of the lion, on the second in the skin of the tiger, while on the third the skull is in the center of the buffalo's skin and mounted by the king, who is perfectly naked. In this situation he receives the congratulations of his people, who hail him as "Great Lion," "Great Tiger," "Slayer of Serpents" and "Rider of the Buffalo." By the above titles he is ever after known to his people.—St. Louis Republic.

Hurrying Him Up.

"Jack," said a pretty girl to her brother, the other day, "I want you to do something for me—that's a good fellow."

"Well, what is it?" growled Jack, who is the brother of the period.

"Why, you know that wig and mustache you used in the theatricals?"

"Well?"

"Well, won't you just put them on and go to the concert tonight? Reginald and I will be there, and, Jack, I want you to stare at me the whole evening through your glasses."

"What! You want me to do that?"

"Yes; and as we come out you must stand at the door and try to slip me a note; take care that Reggie sees you too."

"Well, I declare!"

"Because, you see, Jack, Reggie likes me, I know, but then he is awful slow, and he's well off, and lots of other girls are after him, and he's got to be hurried up a little, as it were."—London Tit-Bits.

Has No Need of Working.

There is said to be a colored man living near Rutledge, Ga., whose whole body, including his face, is covered with long, thick white wool. The wool on his body, it is reported, appeared when he was twelve years old, and was perfectly white then. He has a special fondness for sheep and often sleeps in their pen. The wool on his body grows so rapidly that he is sheared twice a year, and his fleece is sold.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Possible Cause.

"Harold is very indignant with you, Maud. What have you done to him?"

"Nothing that I know of—except that when he told me last night he never fished for compliments I told him he was wise, because he didn't have the right kind of bait."—Harper's Bazar.

A SMART MULE.

It Rescues One of Its Fellows and Saves a Railroad Train.

I heard a good story the other day that was told by an old locomotive engineer, or engine driver, as they more properly call him in England—for the engineer is the man that surveys and "lays out" the road—and I am going to give it to you exactly as he told it. If you don't want to believe it all I shall not object, but I shall preface the "yarn" with the remark that there are some "mighty smart" mules in the world. Here is the story:

Railroad people have a horror of running over animals, not only because they don't like to kill them, for humane reasons, but because a collision with one often results in derailing the train.

There is another reason, too, as the old engineer said—they don't like to "muss up" their engines by strewing pieces of animal all over it. One day on a railroad out in Illinois this engineer scared up a mule on the track beside him. They were about two miles from a bridge at the time. Knowing the fashion all animals have of running straight ahead on the track instead of putting their common sense on the matter and sheering off to one side, the engineer fairly made the surrounding country ring with the noise of his whistle, so as to get clear of the mule before they got to the bridge. But Mr. Mule seemed to think that the whistle was invented only to keep him on the track and make him run faster, and he kept straight on at redoubled speed.

Of course the engine could easily have overtaken him and knocked him into smithereens, but as that might have resulted in knocking the train into the same kind of fragments, the engineer slackened speed a little and finally stopped and sent the fireman out to drive the beast off the track. That was done several times, but each time the fireman had hardly got into the cab again when the mule was on the track the same as before and tearing ahead like mad. In fact, the thing was becoming very monotonous, when, looking up suddenly, the engineer saw that he was very close to the bridge. Then he began to get uneasy for fear the idiot of a mule—as he thought the animal to be—was going to try to cross the bridge—though how he would manage to step on the ties surefooted the puzzled railroader could not understand.

They were so near the bridge by that time that the engineer dared not go another rod, so he stopped short—just as the old mule dashed off across a field braying like a good fellow. And then the engineer and fireman saw the game the wise old animal was playing. Right in the middle of the bridge was another mule, stuck fast with his legs between the ties. The old railroader insists upon it that the mule had kept on the track to make the train go slow, and thus prevent it from coming into collision with the mule on the bridge, not because it cared so much about the fate of its companion, but to save the train from wreck. I decline to express an opinion; as for you, you can take your choice as to the mule's motive.—Humane World.

One Thing That It Pays For.

"Declined with thanks?" he asked, as the young author came out of the publishing house with a roll of manuscript under his arm.

"Yes," replied the young author despondently. "They say that the story is good enough, but that there is no money in publishing the works of unknown authors."

"Oh, well don't be discouraged," cautioned the friend. "That firm never did buy manuscript."

"Why, it publishes"——

"Yes, I know. It publishes an awful lot of books, and it will publish one of yours some time if you persevere and are successful. Try some smaller firm first."

"But you said"——

"I said this firm didn't buy manuscript, and it doesn't; but when you get all written out, and your Pegasus is spavined, and your flights of fancy don't fly, then this firm will pay you well for the name that some one else has paid you to make, and you can throw in any left over manuscript that you have. It doesn't buy manuscripts, but it pays for reputations."—Chicago Tribune.

Sensations During Hanging.

One question often asked, and which few living persons are able to answer, is, "What are the sensations of a man who is being strangled with a rope?" Some of the few who have lived to give an account of what occurred to them at that critical moment say that after one instant of pain the chief sensation is that of a mass of brilliant colors before the eyes. Professor Boughton, who was one day testing for himself what such an experience would be like, lost his footing and was accidentally discovered and rescued just as the last faint spark of life was about to leave the body. He declared afterward that he felt no pain and that the only sensation was that of a fire before his eyes, which finally changed from a bright blue to a black color. He said that he had no fear of the consequences and that the colors were even a source of extreme pleasure.—St. Louis Republic.

Peat Bog Eruptions.

Herr Klinge has been studying the eruption of peat bogs and the stream of dark mud these give out. He rejects the explanation that it is due to excessive absorption of water by the peat, or that it is caused by exploding gases, but attributes it to land slips of the ground under the bog, and remarks that in Ireland the eruptions are most frequent in limestone formations with caverns and bodies of underground water.—New York Times.

An Old English Custom.

At a beautiful Wensleydale village the old custom of the blowing of a horn each night in winter is still carried out. Its purpose was to guide belated travelers in the forest, just as the foghorn guides the mariner who is nearing the coast.—London Tit-Bits.

IN THE MEXICAN HOT COUNTRY.

An Incident of a Dinner in Mexico Where the Fame of the Camera Was Known.

Our dinner was astonishingly good. Just think of a meal in that semibarbarous place down in the hot lands of Mexico equal to the best to be had in the Italian or French restaurants that stand high in the favor of artists and other bohemians in New York! There were nine bountiful courses, served in excellent style, at a total cost of three reales, or 37½ cents in Mexican money, hardly more than twenty-five cents American, with exchange reckoned as it was then. The watermelon served at dessert was the most delicious I had ever tasted—a deep red pulp of a firm texture and mealy crispness that almost melted in the mouth. The melons in this region are raised on the sandy beds of the streams in the dry season, where they mature quickly in the intense heat. For drink there was pulque from Apam on the tableland, brought by railway train to the nearest station and thence hauled by teams across country.

This fonda was, of course, patronized by the "quality"—the visitors from the neighboring great estates, city people who had come over from Jonacatepec, and rancheros with their families. These latter, like farmer folk the world over, I believe, were undemonstrative and chary of speech, exchanging but few words as they sat at table, awkwardly handling their knives and forks, and evidently awed by the unaccustomed magnificence of their repast. Don Ernesto had entered into a little friendly chaffing with Maria, a proceeding upon which a good ranchera, who sat opposite with her husband, looked with evident disapproval.

"Drunk!" she was heard to remark to her husband under her breath.

"Yes," he responded, with a confirmatory glance.

Poor young fellow, to be so harshly misjudged for his metropolitan manners, when his delicate health made him a total abstainer!

Jovita, one of the waitresses, became a great favorite with us all. She was a girl of about fifteen, slight, with regular, delicately chiseled features and glossy dark hair falling in two long braids—a type of lovely rural innocence. There was an exquisite shy grace in her movements.

"Take her photograph," suggested Celso, and the proposition was heartily seconded by all hands. But even here the function of a hand camera appeared to be known, and Jovita took sudden alarm.

"No, no," she appealed. Her head drooped, pretty fingers went shyly to her mouth, a flush stole over her brown cheeks, and she stood there with face averted a picture of maidenly shame. She was now on her guard, and ever glanced apprehensively toward us. Every time she saw the instrument aimed in her direction she would turn her face quickly away. It was too shadowy in the fonda for a good snap shot, and so I really did not lose anything. But when we rose to leave Jovita was standing by the range, well out in the light and waiting an order. She had seen us part and deemed herself in safety. She was looking the other way, I was within a few feet and my camera was ready.

"Adios, Jovita!" I said.

She turned my way unthinkingly. Click went the shutter, and I had her.

A shout of merriment from my companions greeted the success of my stratagem, and the expression of dismay on Jovita's face gave way to a rippling little smile, as if to say that now it was done, it was no great harm after all.—Sylvester Baxter in Harper's.

Benign Effect of Hyoscine.

Dr. Lionel Weatherly, whose understanding of the character of such alkaloids will not be doubted, expresses his strong belief in the power of hyoscine as a mental alterative, declaring that he has found it particularly useful in that form of mental disturbance which renders the patient violent and abusive, restless and domineering—a nuisance to every one who has anything to do with him. He says that under the administration of repeated small doses of hyoscine such a patient becomes a changed man; violence and abusiveness give place to an amiable politeness, and he subsides into silence.

Those are cases in which Dr. W. has found the drug most useful, and in which he believes it acts as a true mental alterative; it is also a useful drug in delirium tremens, and in other diseases in which tremor is a marked symptom, such as disseminated sclerosis, having also the great advantage of being in most circumstances quite safe. Dr. W. warns against its indiscriminate use as a sudden and powerful hypnotic, though it finds its greatest and probably its most useful application in the treatment of maniacal violence and in ordinary hospital work is a drug for emergencies. —Philadelphia Ledger.

How a Navajo Hunts a Prairie Dog.

A Navajo will stick a bit of mirror in the entrance of a burrow, and lie behind the little mound all day if need be to secure the coveted prize of a fat prairie dog. When Mr. Tusa ventures from his bedroom, deep underground, he sees a familiar image mocking him at the front door, and when he hurries out to confront this impudent intruder, whiz! goes a chalcedony tipped arrow through him, pinning him to the ground so that he cannot tumble back into his home, as he has a wonderful faculty for doing even in death, or a dark hand darts from behind like lightning, seizes his chunky neck safely beyond the reach of his chisel shaped teeth, and breaks his spine with one swift snap.—C. F. Lummis in St. Nicholas.

What Might Happen.

If the motion of the earth were suddenly arrested the temperature produced would be sufficient to melt, and even volatize it; while, if it fell into the sun, as much heat would be produced as results from the combustion of 5,000 spheres of carbon of the size of her [illegible]—New York Journal.

CROUPY SOUNDS

At night, from baby's crib, are distracting to parents who are at a loss for a medicine equal to the emergency. Not so with those who have **Ayer's Cherry Pectoral** in the house. A dose of this medicine affords certain and speedy relief. To cure colds, coughs, sore throat, asthma, bronchitis, hoarseness, and the various disorders of the breathing apparatus, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has no equal. It soothes the inflamed tissues, expectorates, and inspires repose. Cap. **Call For** promotes respiration, produces rest. U. Carley, Brooklyn, N. Y., writes: "I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in my family for thirty years and have always found it the best remedy for croup, to which complaint my children were subject."

"I use Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in my practice, and pronounce it to be unequaled as a remedy for colds and coughs."—J. G. Gordon, M. D., Carroll Co., Virginia.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists; Price $1; six bottles $5.

The newspapers of St. Petersburg announce that the prohibition of the export of grain will be maintained until Sept. 1.

Upward of 200 anarchists, or persons suspected of being such, have been arrested in the various raids throughout France within the last few days.

The emigration of Russian Poles to the United States is largely increasing, especially in the governments of Lomsha and Plotska. This exodus is owing to the glowing accounts of the United States received from men who recently emigrated.

The Huron copper mine, at Hancock, Mich., which closed down in November, throwing between three and four hundred men out of employment, will start on a smaller scale, employing fifty men.

Senatorial elections were held in the departments of Cote d'Or, Orne and Seine Inferieure, France. All returned the Republican candidates. The Republicans gained one seat.

The survey of the route of the Pan-American railway which is to unite the states of South America with each other and the United States is going on rapidly and successfully.

Mrs. Augusta Anklam and her hired man are under arrest at Oshkosh, Wis. She horsewhipped Mrs. Minnie Weise in a dispute over the ownership of a turkey, and the hired man twisted the woman's wrist so that he burst some of the ligaments.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

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HIGH COURT OFFICERS

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SUBORDINATE COURT OFFICERS.

Holy Family Court No. 1—J K Clowry, C R, 433 Blue Island av; J L Shepherd, Treas; W J Wallace, R S, 120 W Taylor st; C B Bracken, F S; Dr G C Synon, C F. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Sodality hall, cor May and 11th.

Columbia Court No. 2—J F O'Neil, C R, 520 W Erie st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 2 Smart st; John E Kelly, F S; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr T Conley, C F. Meet 1st Wednesday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in Society hall, 539 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 138 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 E Indiana st; Hugh P Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm C King, C F. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—F T Nichol, C R, 345 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, R S, 729 Hinman st; F M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C F. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, St Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Dalziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C F. Meet 188 Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry C Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 15th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D Sullivan, C F. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 2967 State st; Henry S Hewson, R S, 2518 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C F. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, at 2974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C F. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 505 26th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C F. Meet at hall 2441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J C Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C F; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeen st; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C F. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 333 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J E Shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C F. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 271 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 382 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C F. Meet at Feehan hall, 3d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 46, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; P Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C F. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Boot st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Rielly, C F. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 484th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill.—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Kuehlmann, F S; Geo Denlinger, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C F. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 961 S May st; S A Glow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C F. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 950 Blue Island av.

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Sousee, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H C Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C F. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1086 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Both, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2013 Wentworth av; F M Monsinger, F S; M W Fois, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C F. Meet last Tuesday in basement St. Antonius' church, Tuesday in basement St. Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2201 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 21; South Chicago—Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; P McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C F. Meet 2d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—B Burns, C R, 4423 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 796 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hare, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas P Caldwell, C F. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No 23—P H Brady, C R, 809 Taliman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E N Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C F. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Legonia's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J F Lamb, C R, 361 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 82 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C F. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P O Harbour, C R, 156 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Leveseur, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C F. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 258 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 526 S Morgan st; Joseph Seitz, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thommets, C F. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Zaier, R S, 299 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C F. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—A. H. Weir, C R, 781 N Robey st; Edmond C Foley, R S, 459 W Indiana st; Henry H. Canavan, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C F. Meet corner W North av and Robey st, 1st and 3d Friday.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29—Faxel, C R, 883 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebracht, F S; Henry Schutt, Treas; Dr Brand, C F. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 159 Ambrose st, 8 p m.

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—Simon J. Forhan, C R, 1710 Diversey av; Luke Sullivan, R S; Joseph F Holden, F S; Michael Roeder, Treas. Meets first and third Mondays in Phoenix Hall, Division and Sedgwick sts.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtonh, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 232 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C F. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Cottrell, R S, [illegible] Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C F. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C F. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Schmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Kringa, F S; M Franzen, Treas; Dr Charles Keller, C F. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J C Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr O W Pusey, C F. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 442 Seminary av; L Bohrer, R S, 223 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 324 E Division street.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C F. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C F. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5594 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C F. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays.

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Briskel, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C F. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cour Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Deguise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3157 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 3:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 102 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C F. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; M P Mersch, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C F. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Semmers, R S, 587 W Chicago av; J H Nelles, F S; Frank Pioh, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C F. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 Milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C. Crane, R S, 331 Orchard st; B E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C F. Meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st. 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1423 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 430 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C F. Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2017 Emerald av; C Niersbach, F S; Chas Trauscht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C F. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger af and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brucciani, C R, 436 Milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pierosi, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Krantz, C R; Nicholas Allen, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jacques, Treas. Meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Teefy, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 258 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J E Daly, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall

St. Francis Court No. 54—K J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McCann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 448 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 2616 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudreau, Jr., F S; M F Bechant, Treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C F. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Sepple, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; E H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. Meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 192 E. Washington st., Plasterers' Hall, at 3 p. m.

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County Secretary, Francis J. Conroy, 493 Thirty-fifth st.

County Financial Secretary, J. W. Connell.

County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch, 530 W Erie st.

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Div. 3—Ambrose Hede, Pres, Morton Park, Ill. James Carroll, V-P; Edward O'Neill, Rec Sec, 538 S. Leavitt st; Thomas O'Connell, Fin Sec; P. J. Duffy, Treas. Meets 3rd Sunday of each month at 3 p m at Doherty's Hall, 446 West Twelfth st.

Div. No. 4—Daniel Collins, 861 S. Halsted-st. Pres.; David Mulligan, V. P.; John McAndrews, Rec. sec.; Peter F. Katigan, Fin. sec; Wm McEvoy, Treas. Meets last Sunday each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av, and Union-st.

Div. No. 5—P. G. McGuire, Pres., 4217 Wentworth-av; Jerh. Ryan, V. P.; Peter Quigley, Rec. Sec., 3256 S. Halsted-st.; John Ryan, Fin. Sec.; B. M. Nicholas, Treas. Meet 3rd Sunday of month at 3 p m, in Town Hall, Town of Lake.

Div. No. 7—M. J. Barret, Pres., 162 Van Buren-st.; William Sullivan, V-P; Patrick Foley, Rec. Sec., 2262 Deering-st; James E. O'Brien, Fin. Sec.; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 446 W. Twelfth st. the second Sunday each month at 7:30 p m.

Div. No. 8—M J Ryan, Pres., 257 Michigan st; James F. Lusk, V. P.; James Rielly, Rec. Sec., 225 Elm st; P. O'Sullivan, Fin. Sec.; Andrew G. Luggan, Treas. Meet first Sunday of each of month at 3 p m in North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 9—P. O'Sullivan, Pres., 8 Chicago; Patrick Dever, V. P., James O'Kelly, Rec. Sec, 8 Chicago; Owen Ahern, Fin. Sec; P. A. Ahern, Treas. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 3 p. m. in Engeman's Hall, South Chicago.

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Div. No. 23—W. J. Doherty, Pres., 47th st and Centre av.; Patrick Brederickk, V.-P.; John Toner, Rec. Sec., 1243 Forty-seventh st.; James Murphy, Fin. Sec.; Patrick Grace, Treas. Meet first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland avenue.

Div. No. 26—Pres. P. Molloy, 4717 Wentworth av; V.-P., James McKenna; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally, 4455 School st; Fin. Sec., James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div. 29—Pres, J F Haskins, Box 380, Pullman; V P, M J Sullivan; Rec sec, James Kennedy, Kensington; Fin sec, Peter Tully; Treas, Thos Markey. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday of each month at 8 p m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 35—Pres, Thomas Doyle, 3813 Lowe av; V P, P. F. Doyle; rec sec, James Gannon, 1005 31st av; fin sec, Patrick Quinn; treas, Michael Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday each month at Kavanaugh's hall, 3818 South Halsted st.

Div. No. 36—Pres, M. Donohue, 3509 Jefferson av; V. P., M. Pierce; Rec. Sec., William McMahon; Fin. Sec., Patrick McGoldrick; Treas, P. McMahon.

Div. 37—Pres, John P Doherty, 6359 Honore V P, John Sheehy; Rec Sec, Richard Maloney, 68th and Halsted sts; Fin sec, M H Hoey; Treas, Denis Kelly.

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ST. STEPHENS BRANCH No. 4.—President, Robert Lynch, 215 W. Kinzie-st.; Vice-Pres., Dr. William O'Connell; Secretary, P. J. McKeague, 566 Carroll av; Treas, J. J. Clements; Marshal, Michael Muldoon. Meets the 1st and 3rd Sundays of each month at the corner of Sangamon and Ohio streets.

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS B. OF R.

NATIONAL OFFICERS.

Elected at the New York National Convention, May, 1889.

Laurence Kelly, National Delegate, High st., Yonkers, N. Y.

Patrick Dugan, National Secretary, 593 Grove st., Jersey City, N. J.

John O'Callaghan, National Treasurer, 734 Carroll av., Chicago, Ill.

STATE DELEGATES.

M. Cramer, 60 Saltingstall av, New Haven, Conn.

John L. Cunningham, 2200 Sidney st, St. Louis, Mo.

Owen Carroll, cor Second st, and Newark av., Jersey City, N.J.

Thomas Breen, Newton, Kas.

John Patton, No. 1 Yeoman Ct., Roxbury Dist., Boston, Mass.

John O'Callaghan, 734 Carroll avenue, Chicago, Ill.

John McFarland, 2734 Carson st., Pittsburg, Pa.

J. McDonald, Excelsior, Mahaska Co, Ia.

Terrence Donohue, 501 W. Forty-third st, New York city.

Thomas Norton, 421 Minnie st, San Francisco, Cal.

J. V. Canavan, Appleton, Wis.

T. F. Thornton, 3010 Third av, Birmingham, Ala.

Dan Gallagher, Box 408, Steubenville, O.

William Sheerin, Trinidad, Colo.

F. M. Lunday, 333 Union av, St. Pueblo.

P. J. Healy, 2304 Seventh st., N W, Washington, D. C.

Thos. Noonan, 88 E Seventh st., St. Paul, Minn.

John W. Conoly, Lonaconing, Maryland.

Patrick Walsh, Benwood, West Virginia.

P. J. Walsh, 19 Spring st, Portland, Me.

Patrick Cleary, Escanaba, Mich.

Thomas Banks, Co. Secretary, 304 Mott st, New York city, Agent for New York.

OFFICERS OF THE ILLINOIS WIDOWS' AND ORPHANS' BENEFICIARY FUND.

President, Thomas Flood, 523 Austin av Chicago.

Vice-President, James Walsh, Springfield, Ill.

Secretary, John Mulvihill, 373 W. Erie st, Chicago.

Treasure John O'Callaghan, 731 Carroll av, Chicago.

Trustees, A. Burke, P. Dougherty, J. Larney, Maurice A. O'Connor.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

The County Board meets the 2nd Sunday of each month at hall S W corner of Lake and LaSalle sts.

County Delegate, Richard Powers, 2617 Dashiel street, Chicago. Ill.

County Secretary J. E. Dunn, Lock Box 574, Oak Park, Ill.

County Fin. Secretary, E. Quinn, 550 W. Twenty-first st.

County Treasurer, Thomas Flood, 523 Austin av.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Division No. 1—Pres. Thomas Flynn, 536 W Erie st; Vice-Pres, Wm Griffen; Rec Sec, Michael Tuohy, 48 W Ohio st; Fin Sec, Stephen Carmody; Treas, Jeremiah Beordan Meet first and third Sunday of each month at Fitzgerald Hall, Cor. Adams and Halsted sts, at 8 p m.

Div. 2—Pres, Richard Powers, 2617 Dashiel st; Vice-Pres, Thos Driscoll; Rec Sec, John Green, 14 Walsh court; Fin. Sec., Michael Galvin; Treas, D. Brown. Meet the first and third Sunday each month at 3525 South Halsted st, at 8 p m.

Div. 3—Pres, Luke H. Lyons, 193 W North av; Vice-Pres, John Hynes; Recording sec, Michael O'Dea, 799 Noble st; financial sec, John Gallagher; treas., A G Bourk. Meet first Sunday each month in Donahue's hall, cor W North av, and Holt st. at 7:30 p m.

Div. 7—Pres, J. L. Quan, 304 Loomis st; vice-pres, John Misher; rec sec, Chris McLoughlin, 158 Johnson st; fin sec, Patrick Morris; treas, Jeremiah O'Brien. Meet the second and fourth Thursday each month at 188 Blue Island av, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 9—Pres, James Lavell, South Chicago; vice-pres, Thomas McCue; rec. sec, Patrick McEnaley, Box 270, South Chicago; fin. sec, Philip Mortimer; treas, Michael Doyle. Meet third Sunday each month in Bowman's hall, corner Ninety-second-st, and Ill. Cent. R. R. S. Chicago.

Div. 11—Pres, Martin Dowling, 278 W. Ohio st.; vice-pres, James F. O'Neill; rec. sec, John Fitzmaurice, 249 Fulton st; fin. sec, Michael Dennehy; treas, John Doyle. Meet first Thursday each month at 8 p.m. in O'Callaghan's hall, Indiana and Lincoln sts.

Div. 15—Pres, John J Conroy, 101 Brown st; vice-Pres, Mich'l J. Walsh; Rec sec, Edw Quinn, W 21st st; Fin sec, Thos. Moran Treas. Matthew Farley. Meet 1st Wednesday each month in School hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 20—Pres, John O'Callaghan, 731 Carroll av; vice-pres, James E. Dunn; rec sec, M. Connolly; fin sec, J. T. Fitzgibbons; treas, Thomas Flood. Meet the first Sunday each month at O'Callaghan's Hall, corner of Indiana and Lincoln sts, at 2 p m.

Div. 21—Pres, Patrick Mahonney, 197 W 14th st; vice-pres, James Kearney; rec sec, John Morris, 47 S Morgan st; fin sec M. O'Connor; treas, Thomas McGourt; Meet the third Sunday each month at 44 W Twelfth st.

Div. 27—Pres, J. Bigane, 1674 39th st vice-pres, Michael Larney; rec sec, Pete Callaghan, cor Western & Archer avs; fin sec, John Bradrick; treas, John Larney; Meet first Saturday each month at Larne Hall, Brighton Park, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 28—Pres, Patrick M. Carmody, 65 Nebraska st; vice-pres, Philip Dolan; rec sec J J Quinn, 288 Forquer st; fin sec, T. A Keys; treas, P. Dougherty. Meet first Tuesday at 8 p m, and fourth Sunday at p m, at Sodality hall, cor 11th and May st.

Div. 33—Pres, P.H. Chambers, Hyde Park vice-pres, James Egan; rec sec, Thomas Kenny, 108 39th st; fin sec, Patrick McGrath; treas, Henry Lynch.

OFFICERS OF THE ARCHDIOCESAN TOTAL ABSTINENCE UNION.

President, H. J. McGuire, 5133 Wentworth-av.

Vice-President, Walter J. Gibbons, 1[illegible] North Franklin-st.

Secretary, J. J. Garrity, 41 N. Carpenter-st.

Treasurer, W. H. Burke, 48 Pine st.

Marshal, J. Doyle, 2294 E. Huron-st.

FATHER HAGAN'S Y. M. T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Meets second and fourth Tuesday each month at O'Neill's hall, 681 W. Lake-st. Pres. William J. Lamey, 78 Smart-st.; V.-P., John Daley; Rec. Sec., J. E. Clancy, 226 N. Wood-st; Fin. Sec., M. J. Hartigan; Treas., Wm. Close. Marshal, John J. Hickey; Sergt-at-Arms, Jas E. McBennett.

FATHER MATHEW T. A. & B. SOCIETY Organized Feb. 6, 1865 Meet at new hall 250 West Taylor-st., on the 1st and 3d Monday of each month at 8 p. m. President, David J Barry, 22 Plum-st.; 1st V.-P., Barney Clyne 2nd V.-P., J. J. Barry; Sec'y, J. J. Hackett, 39 W. Taylor-st.; Ass't Sec'y, J. M. Carey; Treasurer, John Shannon, 113 Park-av.

ST. COLUMBKILL'S T. A. & B SOCIETY Meets 1st Sunday of every month in basement of the church at 2 p. m. Thomas Foley, President, 96 Walnut-st.; 1st V.-P., A. Foley; 2d V.-P., M. Hayes; Rec. Sec., John T.

Regularity and Independence in Politics.

There is nobody more irregular than a regular politician of the unprincipled sort. He is essentially and brazenly irregular. His very rules are often constructed for entirely irregular purposes. While making certain apparent use of rules, his whole scheming is against rules; that is, he lends all his energies to falsify public opinion; he misrepresents majorities; he is autocratic, tyranical and purely self-seeking. The securing of fair dealing and just regularity is the very life and intent of rules; whereas, this is exactly what the regular politician labors, through his use of regulations, to avoid. We say through his regulations; but it is notorious that nobody can break his own rules with more effrontery than the most pedantic of regulars.

As for independence, there is no one, in a sense, so independent as a regular politician. It is he (with the assistance, perhaps, of a little group of cronies) who decides—often with complete indifference to public opinion—what shall be the "principles" of a party, and who shall be its candidates at any given election When the regular politician, therefore, denounces independence and irregularity, he does it with his tongue in his cheek; and yet there are good men who are innocently beguiled by this sort of talk at every election.—*From the Century Topics for May*

Picnic Grounds.

WHERE THEY ARE—HOW TO REACH THEM.

The most beautiful picnic grounds, within easy distance of Chicago, fitted out with all the conveniences necessary to make a day's outing enjoyable, are situated on the Wisconsin Central lines, among which are Schiller Park, Clybourn Park and Diamond Lake Park. The superior facilities afforded by the "Central" for handling this business needs no introduction. Its advantages have been fully established. Lodges, clubs, societies, associations, churches, etc., contemplating an outing during the coming summer, will find it to their interest, before making final preparations, to call on James C. Pond, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Room 212, Grand Central Passenger Station, corner Harrison street and Fifth avenue, who will take pleasure in furnishing all information. Committees desiring to inspect grounds will be provided with necessary transportation.

Elegant Service.

At 5:45 p. m., the "Fast Train" leaves Chicago, via the Wisconsin Central Lines for St. Paul, Minneapolis, Ashland, Duluth and the iron towns, composed of through Pullman Vestibuled Sleepers to Chippewa Falls and Eau Claire St. Paul and Minneapolis, Ashland and Duluth, making close connections at Union Depot, St. Paul, with the new train which has just been placed in service via the Northern Pacific Railroad to the Pacific Coast, leaving St. Paul daily at 9 a. m. At 10:45 p. m. the "Pacific Express" leaves Chicago for the Pacific Coast via the Wisconsin Central and Northern Pacific Lines, composed of Pullman Vestibuled Drawing-Room and Tourist Sleepers, running through to Portland, Ore., and Tacoma, Wash., without change. For tickets, time tables, berth reservations, etc., apply to city ticket office, 205 S. Clark street, Chicago, Ill., or to James C. Pond, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

An extraordinary scene occurred at a public meeting in Portadown recently to consider rival schemes for the Bann drainage. Free fights took place on the platform, and several gentlemen were knocked down. The police were sent for, but the party in favor of the public scheme had driven off their opponents before they arrived. Several ladies were present.

HIBERNIAN BANKING ASSOCIATION

Has Removed To

ASHLAND BLOCK,

N.E. Cor. Clark & Randolph Sts

WILLIAM E. MASON, LAWRENCE M. ENNIS, ROBERT P. BATES.

MASON, ENNIS & BATES,

Attorneys-at-Law,

ROOMS 501 TO 510 NORTHERN OFFICE BUILDING,

36 LaSalle-st., Corner of Lake,

CHICAGO.

TEAS!

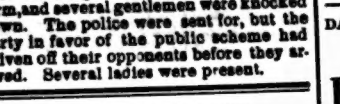
Best Sample Tea	20c
Best Japan Dust	10c
Fine Teas, all kinds	35c
Fancy Teas, all kinds	35c
Best Japan in the World	50c
Best Teas, all kinds	60c

WHY PAY MORE?

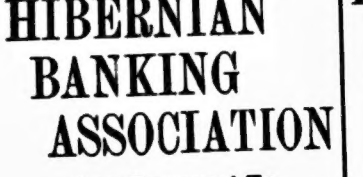
SEXTON, The Tea Man,

20 & 22 State street.

Branches. { 60 Chicago av. / 280 Blue Island av.



INMAN LINE



UNITED STATES AND ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS. ESTABLISHED 1850.

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NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL, CALLING AT QUEENSTOWN.

The largest, fastest and most magnificent steamers in the world.

Tickets to and from the principal English, Scotch, Irish, German & Scandinavian Ports. Local Agents in all the principal towns in U. S. Drafts on Great Britain and Ireland for sale.

FRANCIS C. BROWN, Gen'l Western Agent, 29 South Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

Oh ho! How is this?
If you don't call at Ulick Bourke's
You will surely miss

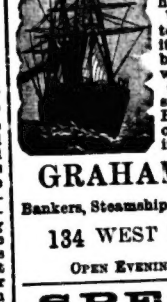
GOOD BARGAINS IN FURNITURE, CARPETS, STOVES,

CROCKERY AND CUTLERY.

The advertising of half price is a fake that sensible people ought to know by this time; it is only a blind leader to draw in people that are not well posted in quality and prices. I will give a year's time for any fair bill of goods and warrant to sell the same cheaper than those one-half-price houses. The old reliable

ULICK BOURKE,

302 WEST MADISON STREET. 302.



CALL AND PAY A DEPOSIT and secure a ticket before the rates advance. We are the only agents that meet passengers at the depot and send them home free of charge.

We allow 4 per cent interest on money deposited with us; same may be drawn at any time without notice.

Call and inspect our safety-deposit vaults. Boxes $4 per year. The only vault open evenings.

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Bankers, Steamship and Insurance Agents.

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EASY PAYMENTS OR CASH.

Gents' Suits, Ready Made or Made to Order. Facilities First Class. Prices guaranteed 25 per cent less than anywhere, as we can afford it, owing to lack of expenses. Watches and Diamonds. Everything Ladies' Apparel. Furniture and Pianos. Boys' Suits.

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Rooms 526 & 528. Chicago Opera House.

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CLINE'S DANCING ACADEMY,

COR. WELLS AND HURON-STS.

Classes Tuesday and Thursday Evenings; admission 25c; private lessons $1.00; dancing every Sunday night under the management of FRANKEL & REICHART.

Lodge Halls to rent.

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LEAHY & RYAN,

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2560 S. HALSTED-ST.,

OPPOSITE TWENTY-SIXTH STREET.

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Carriages Furnished for all occasions.

PENSION CLAIMS.

The undersigned, having been duly recognized and authorized to act as Pension and Bounty Claim Agent by the Interior Department of the United States, is ready to attend to all business of the kind, including widows' and orphans' claims, that may be entrusted to him. Owing to the passage of liberal laws by the last congress, the perfecting of pension claims has been much simplified, all soldiers, their widows or other dependents, who can prove an honest claim against the government are reasonably certain of having such claims allowed. This office, in addition to attending to regular pension claims, is also prepared to open, under the new laws, old cases rejected because of insufficient evidence, and to thoroughly sift cases of technical desertion, owing to errors in muster out, etc., by which deserving men are often deprived of their just dues.

JOHN F. FINERTY.

U. S. Pension and Claim Agent

69 DEARBORN-ST, CHICAGO.

GEORGE B. HENNESSY, ATTORNEY, 1108 UNITY BUILDING.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK, ss.—Superior Court of Cook County. May Term, A. D. 1892. Martha J. Eldridge vs. Frank N. Eldridge. In Chancery. No. 139,542.

Affidavit of the non residence of Frank N. Eldridge, defendant above named, having been filed in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court of Cook County, notice is hereby given to the said Frank N. Eldridge that the complainant heretofore filed her bill of complaint in said court, on the Chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court, against said defendant, returnable at the Court House in the City of Chicago, in said county, on the First Monday of June next (1892) as is by law required.

Now, unless you, the said Frank N. Eldridge, shall personally be and appear before said Superior Court of Cook County, on the first day of a term thereof to be holden at Chicago, in said county, on the First Monday of June, 1892, and plead, answer, or demur to the said complainant's bill of complaint, the same, and the matters and things therein charged and stated, will be taken as confessed, and a decree entered against you according to the prayer of said bill. P. McGRATH, Clerk.

George B. Hennessy, Complainant's Solicitor.

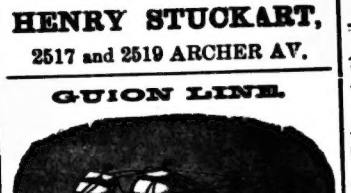
Furniture, Stoves,

Carpets and Parlor Goods.

HENRY STUCKART,

2517 and 2519 ARCHER AV.

GUION LINE.



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Through Passage Tickets at Low Rates. Drafts on Dublin.

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Bear This Fact In Mind, That

THE OLD RELIABLE

CUNARD LINE

Fast Express Mail Steamers

Established 1840,

has a whole fleet of floating palaces: "Etruria," "Umbria," "Aurania" and "Servia" sailing every Saturday from Liverpool and New York, and during the busy season fortnightly extras; also weekly sailings via Boston, making the

Largest, Fastest and Most Magnificent Service in the World.

Its character, record and general reputation for SPEED, COMFORT and SAFETY (having never lost a passenger in the 52 years of its existence) requires no comment.

Rates as low as by any First-Class Passenger Line Our Magnificent Mail Steamers are not expected to compete in rates with ships carrying cattle over and passengers returning.

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BREWERS and BOTTLERS of the CELEBRATED SALVATOR BEER.

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MILWAUKEE.

REPRESENTED BY

EDWARD G. UIHLEIN.

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O'DONOHUE, J. J. Dealer in Fancy Groceries, Wines, Liquors and Cigars. Headquarters for Imported Dilish. 113 Erie-st., corner Market, Chicago.

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JAMES CUSHING, The Artistic and Reliable Merchant Tailor and Draper, No. 208 South Halsted-st., near VanBuren. A Perfect Fit Guaranteed

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BRADY, MATTHEW P., Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law, 28 Portland Block, 107 Dearborn-st Chicago.

C. H. MITCHELL & E. F. RYAN, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, 175 Dearborn-st., Rooms 13-14, Chicago.

JAMES O'CONNELL, Attorney-at-Law, Suite 916, Chicago Opera House Block, 119 Clark-st., Chicago. Telephone 931

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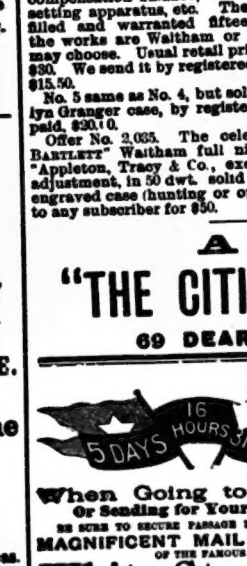
GORE'S EUROPEAN HOTEL.

This excellent hotel freshly furnished and equipped throughout in first rate style, thoroughly fire proof and with unsurpassed facilities for heating, ventilating, etc., is well worthy the attention of intending visitors. The Manager, Mr. N. D. Laughlin, gives his personal attention to seeing that each and all of his guests are made as comfortable as possible. The position of Gore's European Hotel especially commends itself as being central to all the principal railway depots, theatres, etc., of the city. Attached to the hotel is a first-class restaurant.

WALTHAM AND ELGIN WATCHES,

For Sale to Subscribers and Regular Readers of "The Citizen."

For the last fifteen years competent judges have admitted that the watches made in America are far superior to those of foreign manufacture. For this reason everybody who wishes to have a watch that can be relied on has tried to purchase an American watch. Owing, however, to efforts of the "watch trust," these watches have been sold at so high a price as to place them beyond the reach of the average watch buyer. THE CITIZEN has determined to place these watches within reach of every one of its subscribers and regular readers by buying them of the factory agents and selling them at an advance which barely covers expenses. Every subscriber and regular reader may purchase any watch made in America at a price slightly in advance of that charged at the factory. Nobody else can buy at any price Below are several watches which we consider especially desirable:



No. 2 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin seven jewelled watch. The works contain also the latest improvements, such as compensation balance and safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus. The case is solid filled, that is made of two plates of solid gold, between which is a plate of fine composition metal. The case is guaranteed to wear fifteen years. The price for open face is $13.25, and for hunting case $16 50 postage and registry pre paid.

No. 3 is a solid gold watch. The works are the celebrated P. S. Bartlett full nickel Waltham, and they contain fifteen jewels, compensation balance and safety pinion, patent regulator and Logen's Breguet hairspring, hardened and tempered in form, stem-winding and setting apparatus, and thoroughly adjusted at the factory. The case is the Brooklyn Granger solid gold, and the usual retail price of this watch is from $50 to $75. We send it, delivered free, for only $30.00.

No. 4 is a lady's watch, with seven jewels, compensation balance, stem-winding and setting apparatus, etc. The case is gold-filled and warranted fifteen years and the works are Waltham or Elgin, as you may choose. Usual retail price from $24 to $30. We send it by registered mail for only $15.50.

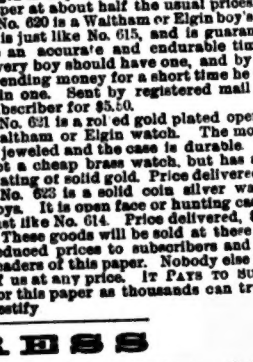
No. 5 same as No. 4, but solid gold Brooklyn Granger case, by registered mail, prepaid, $20.00.

Offer No. 2,035. The celebrated "P. S. BARTLETT" Waltham full nickel, same as "Appleton, Tracy & Co., excepting special adjustment, in 50 dwt. solid 14k gold full engraved case (hunting or open face) sent to any subscriber for $50.

No. 614, exactly the same works in heavy, solid coin silver, three-ounce hunting case or open face, Waltham or Elgin watch, by insured registered mail, $12.

No. 615, is a men's size Waltham or Elgin watch, with works like No. 611, in an open face nickle silver case. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for $5.50. Any of the above watches returnable within three days if not satisfactory.

WATCHES FOR MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS.



NO. 616—"THE DIAMOND SHAMROCK."

No. 616 is a jeweled Waltham or Elgin ladies' watch, stem wind and set. There are jewels in the works and jewels in the solid 14k gold hunting case. The case is engraved with a three leafed shamrock in one leaf is a genuine diamond that sparkles with the most brilliant lustre. In another a genuine ruby shines with soft color. In the third a pure blue sapphire completes the trio of precious gems. The idea is beautiful since it is a combination of the American colors and the shamrock so dear to every true Irish heart. The works are magnificently jeweled and guaranteed to keep good time. Usual retail price of this wonderful watch $75 to $125, sent to any subscriber by insured registered mail for $32.

No 617 is a solid gold hunting case watch, either Waltham or Elgin, ladies' size, with works just like those in No 615. The case is a celebrated Brooklyn Granger. This watch is a stem winder and setter, and just as useful as No. 615, though it is somewhat plainer. Usual retail price $35 to $45. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for $18.30.

No. 618 is a 15 year gold filled Waltham or Elgin watch, ladies' size The works are jeweled and have all improvements, such as stem winding and setting apparatus, etc. Hunting case only. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $14.90.

No. 619 is a ladies' size coin silver watch, Waltham or Elgin. This is a stem winder and setter, hunting case, seven jewels and all improvements Guaranteed an accurate and satisfactory timepiece. Sent to any subscriber by insured mail for only $10.75.

WATCHES FOR SONS.

Every live American boy should have a watch, and he can buy any Waltham or Elgin in any kind of case through this paper at about half the usual prices.

No. 620 is a Waltham or Elgin boy's watch. It is just like No. 615, and is guaranteed to be an accurate and endurable timepiece. Every boy should have one, and by saving spending money for a short time he can obtain one. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for $5.50.

No. 621 is a rolled gold plated open faced Waltham or Elgin watch. The movement is jeweled and the case is durable. This is not a cheap brass watch, but has a heavy plating of solid gold. Price delivered, $9.75.

No. 623 is a solid coin silver watch for boys. It is open face or hunting case. It is just like No. 614. Price delivered, $12.00.

These goods will be sold at these greatly reduced prices to subscribers and regular readers of this paper. Nobody else can buy of us at any price. IT PAYS TO SUBSCRIBE for this paper as thousands can truthfully testify

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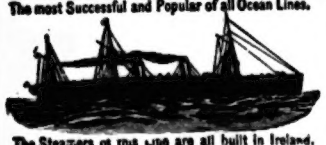

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